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HUGH MILLER.

THERE is, perhaps, scarcely one individual among the numerous readers of *THE NATIONAL* who is not already aware of the tragical fate that has recently befallen the eminent man whose name stands at the head of this sketch. One of the  
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sturdiest intellects, apparently, of our times, overtaxed by its toils, has been overthrown and wrecked. Science has lost one of her foremost and favorite sons, literature an honorable votary, and religion a distinguished champion. A career,

marked by valiant strivings, splendid achievements, and growing usefulness, has ended in a catastrophe so terrible, that thousands of hearts have been pierced with anguish at the tidings. It is sad indeed that a life so consecrated to the noblest purposes and pursuits, should have had so mysterious and unmeet a termination. Yet even this death, harrowing as are the circumstances by which it has been invested, was incurred in the service of God and the vindication of revealed truth. The ink with which he had completed his last scientific legacy to the world was scarcely dry, before the long overwrought mind gave way, and passed within the encircling folds of that awful cloud of darkness and agony in which it finally disappeared from among the lights of earth, to emerge, as we believe, through that divine grace to which it was no stranger, among the brighter, serener, and more enduring lights of heaven! While such a departure from this terrestrial scene brings a message of more than usual impressiveness to all thoughtful men, the story of Mr. Miller's life, and particularly of his early struggles, will be found full of suggestion and instruction to every class of our readers. The details and incidents of a career, begun as a lonely boy on the bleak coast of the far north of Scotland, pursued for many years as a working stone-mason, and concluded as one of the ablest newspaper editors of the age, and with a scientific reputation of the highest order, cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting and attractive. Happily, the process by which he "achieved his greatness" is most entertainingly related in a work from his own pen, entitled, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," of many of the facts embodied in which we shall avail ourselves. To all aspiring working men, this mirror of a worthy life would prove a precious literary treasure.

About forty-two years ago, a wild and determined-looking boy, of some twelve years of age, might have been seen, on summer evenings or during the afternoons set apart for school holidays, wandering among the rocks and pebble beds of the coast of Cromarty, in the north of Scotland. By any one who had the curiosity to watch his movements, he would have been seen to pause ever and anon, and drawing forth an antique-looking hammer, with a handle of strong black oak, which had descended from a buccaneering ances-

tor, commence vigorously smiting some fragments of rock that seemed likely to yield mineral treasures. Having secured a specimen more than ordinarily curious and interesting, he would bear it home in triumph, and exhibit it to his friends. One day, while thus employed, he found concealed in some large-grained granite a few sheets of beautiful black mica, which, when split quite thin, and pasted between slips of mica of the ordinary kind, made admirably colored eye-glasses, that converted the landscape around into richly-toned drawings in sepia, and afforded great amusement to himself and his young companions. At another time, he discovered numerous crystals of garnet embedded in mica-schist, which in his eyes were identical with the precious stones set in his mother's gold brooch—an opinion which, though not shared by the neighbors to whom they were exultingly shown, was ratified by his uncle Sandy, a man of enlightened mind and considerable information. After a heavy surf had beaten the exposed face of the neighboring hills, there would often be found large patches of comminuted garnet, resembling pieces of crimson carpeting, or sheets of crimson bead-work, of which almost every point and particle was a gem; and flinging himself down on the beach, beside these sparkling treasures, the delighted boy turned them over with his fingers, dwelling upon them in rapture.

On another occasion the young explorer made a discovery of considerable value to geologists. Venturing one day into the woods which clothed a hill at a short distance from Cromarty, he came to a black, miry ravine, of small extent, protruding from the swampy sides of which were the decaying remains of huge giants of the vegetable world that have now no living survivors in the district. Prostrate and perished oaks were there, of enormous girth, into whose coal-black substance one could dig as easily with a pick-ax as one digs into a bank of clay. Handfuls of hazel-nuts, cups of acorns, twigs and leaves, all black as jet, that had fallen centuries before, were taken from this singular morass. But the greatest curiosity recovered from this dark grave of the past was an immense fragment of an extraordinary-looking deer's horn. The trophy was taken home with no little delight, and submitted to Uncle James, the

antiquary of the family. This learned authority at once paused in his work, and after surveying it leisurely for some time, said: "This is the horn, boy, of no deer that now lives in this country. We have the red deer, and the fallow deer, and the roe; and none of them have horns at all like this. I never saw an elk; but I am pretty sure this broad, plank-like horn can be none other than the horn of an elk." Other marvels, disinterred from the same spot, were subsequently added to the huge antler.

The remarkable boy thus introduced to our notice, whose early recreations were so rational, and whose very sports partook of a scientific tendency, we need scarcely say, was Hugh Miller. At this period his father had been dead several years. He had been one of the best sailors among that proverbially hardy and adventurous race, whose lives are spent amid the buffetings and perils of the northern seas and friths. He went down one awfully tempestuous night at the entrance of the Cromarty harbor. His sloop had been seen on the previous evening tacking about in the open sea, and the remark was hazarded by one who had anxiously watched the skillful maneuvering of the distressed vessel, "Miller's seamanship has saved him once more;" but when the sullen morning broke the hapless sloop floated no longer. It had foundered within sight of the home of its master.

A dreary season followed this calamity, which clouded the earlier years of the eldest born, and made him long familiar with hardship and privation. The loss of his father was, to a considerable extent, supplied by the kindness and watchful care of his two uncles. His elder uncle, James, a harness-maker by trade, was a keen local antiquary, and was brimful of traditional lore. Some of these wild stories, as caught from his lips, were committed to writing, and published by his nephew at the outset of his literary career. During the long winter evenings, a circle of relatives and neighbors were wont to gather round the industrious tradesman, when one of the number would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit, out of which a pleasant and profitable conversation would frequently issue. At these gatherings young Hugh was often present, and he speaks in his autobiography of the happy influence which such opportunities

of improvement exercised over his boyhood and youth. His other uncle, Alexander, or Sandy, as he was familiarly called, was of a different cast from his brother. While James was somewhat of a humorist, Alexander was grave and serious, and was never but once known to perpetrate a joke. A cartwright by trade, he had been infected by the martial enthusiasm which was kindled by the outburst of the first French revolution, and entered the navy; and during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen in which he had not a share. He had served and fought under Nelson, and Duncan, and Keith, and was one of the men who had been drafted out of the fleet to supply the lack of artillerymen in the Egyptian army under Abercrombie. Yet, although he had been distinguished for his personal bravery and brilliant performances, such was his innate modesty of character, as well as his disgust of war and bloodshed, that he could seldom be prevailed on to narrate his exploits. He would tell what he had *seen*—not what he had *done*.

From his graphic descriptions of foreign scenery, customs, plants, and animals, the thirsting mind of his youthful auditor gained a large accession of valuable ideas. Nor was the instruction imparted by the uncles limited to secular topics; for it is recorded to their honor that, on Sabbath evenings, they were accustomed to assemble Hugh, in company with his sisters and two cousins, to be catechised and examined on religious subjects. On these occasions they attempted, with gentle earnestness, to sow that seed of divine truth which might spring up and yield a holy increase in future years—a labor of love that has not been without its reward.

A consciousness of his nationality, and the first glow of patriotic enthusiasm, were aroused in the bosom of the subject of our sketch in the tenth year of his age. This effect was wrought by a perusal of the lives of Wallace and of Bruce—the great hero-guardian and the hero-king of Scottish history. His susceptible imagination was intoxicated especially with the fiery narratives of the blind minstrel who had celebrated the exploits of the former, and the impression made at this early period was never lost.

-From the dame's school he was transferred to the grammar school of the parish, then consisting of about one hundred and twenty boys, besides a class of about thirty girls. The school was situated near the sea-shore, and is pictured to us as a low, long, straw-thatched cottage, open from gable to gable, with a mud floor below, and an unlathed roof above; while stretching along the naked rafters, which, when the master happened to be absent for a few minutes, gave noble exercise in climbing, there used frequently to lie a helm, or oar, or boat-hook, or even a foresail—the spoil of some hapless peat-boat from the opposite side of the frith. To account for the exhibition of these marine trophies in a building devoted to education, it is necessary to explain to the reader, that it had been a custom, dating very far back, for all Ross-shire boats employed in the peat trade to contribute twenty peats out of every cargo to the grammar school. Not unfrequently an attempt was made to evade the payment. When such refusal took place, a party of boys was commissioned by the master to exact the perquisite; or, in lieu thereof, to secure in behalf of the institution some spar, or sail, or piece of rigging, which, until redeemed by special treaty and the surrender of the peats, was stowed away over the rafters. These peat expeditions, Mr. Miller tells us, were intensely popular—an assertion which we can readily believe. He says:

"It was always a great matter to see, just as the school met, some observant boy appear, cap in hand, before the master, and intimate the fact of an arrival at the shore by the simple words, 'Peat-boat, sir.' The master would then proceed to name a party, more or less numerous, according to the exigence; but it seemed to be a matter of pretty exact calculation that, in the cases in which the peat claim was disputed, it required about twenty boys to bring home the twenty peats, or, lacking these, the compensatory sail or spar. There were certain ill-conditioned boatmen who almost always resisted. In dealing with these recusants, we used ordinarily to divide our forces into two bodies; the larger portion of the party filling their pockets with stones, and ranging themselves on some point of vantage, such as the pier-head; and the smaller stealing down as near to the boat as possible, and mixing with the purchasers of the peats. We then, after due warning given, opened fire upon the boatmen; and when the pebbles were flying about them like hailstones, the boys below commonly succeeded in securing, under cover of the fire, the desired boat-hook or oar. Such were the ordinary circumstances and details of this piece of Spartan education."

We have narrated this singular usage, the morality of which is not of the highest standard, as affording us a glimpse of the rough style in which the young were trained forty years ago in the north of Scotland. How any studies could be advantageously pursued under such circumstances of excitement, we cannot conceive. The preservation of an efficient discipline would seem to be impossible in a school perpetually agitated by the anticipation, the execution, or the discussion of the incidents attending such forays.

Master Hugh, by his own confession, was not free from the usual deceptions so commonly practiced by school-boys upon their master. The tutorial surveillance not being very strict, he ventured to import some of his books of amusement into the school, which, amid the Babel-like confusion that prevailed, he managed to read undetected to groups of rapt listeners. From reading, he proceeded to the relation of what he had perused and heard at home; and his story-telling vocation once ascertained, the faculty was kept in pretty lively exercise. His popularity among his fellows was established. Having at length exhausted all his father's adventures, the wonderful incidents in the life of Uncle Sandy, as well as the romantic passages he had read in books—and the demands of his class-mates continuing as insatiable as ever—he was compelled to extemporize biographies, and improvise thrilling tales, which were received with immense *éclat*. The master, all this time, had a tolerably correct notion of what was going on in the "heavy class," as it was termed; but, being an easy, good-natured man, he spared the rod. Somehow, this youthful rival to his legitimate influence and authority contrived to secure his respect and favor.

Though thus recognized as a kind of leader in all light intellectual pursuits and manful exercises, we are glad to know that he resolutely set his face against every practice involving cruelty and barbarity; and such relics of a semi-savage state of society were far from rare in his early days. The Cromarty school, for instance, had its annual cock-fight, preceded by holidays, which were spent in training the poor birds destined to suffer in the encounters of the sanguinary pit. Every pupil was compelled to subscribe toward the fund, although he was excused from bringing any birds. Hugh availed himself of





VIEW OF CROMARTY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF HUGH MILLER.

this exemption, and kept aloof from these brutal and degrading exhibitions.

A brave and fearless boy, too, was our young naturalist. In the face of the Cromarty cliffs there is a marvelous marble-producing cavern, known as the "Dropping Cave." It moreover bore the reputation of being haunted. A distinguished gentleman visiting the locality, desired to see some specimens of the singular stones formed within by the dropping water. The superstition of the people rendering them afraid to undertake the task of procuring them, the commission was undertaken by Hugh and his uncles, who, provided with torches and hammers, explored the strange and grotesque grotto, and returned laden with mineral treasures. Other caves also, in close neighborhood with this one, were examined on the same occasion; and on the following day the whole school was thrown into a state of feverish excitement by the account of the expedition and the marvels that had been witnessed. The spirit of adventure thus

fired, Hugh infected one of his companions with a strong desire to see these mysterious palaces of nature. Accordingly, early one spring morning, off they started, without acquainting their friends with their destination. The tide had invaded the entrance, but, by feats of climbing and agility, they contrived to enter. Hour after hour passed away in heedless enjoyment; treasures of petrified moss and crystal stalactites in abundance were collected, and they began to think of returning; but, to their consternation, it was found that the water was flooding the entrance. Egress was impossible, and the tide was still rising. Desperate efforts at escape were made, but all in vain. Evening came on, and deepened into night, and still the waves rolled in and the wind howled ominously. At length, as morning approached, voices were heard, to which they replied by shouts for help. These grateful sounds proceeded from two boats, which had been sent out to search the rocks, and by which the terrified prisoners were

mercifully rescued. On reaching Cromarty, a crowd was assembled on the beach to welcome them back. To celebrate the exploit, Hugh composed some verses, which became quite popular: they were read over tea-tables, recited with great applause at boarding-schools, and won for the hero-author numerous patrons.

Being nearly seventeen years of age at this time, and his mother, after a long widowhood, having contracted a second marriage, he felt the necessity of at once choosing a vocation. His uncles, who had penetration enough to perceive the tokens of capacity manifested by their nephew, prompted his ambition, and encouraged him to aim at one of the learned professions. The youth, however, though by no means deficient in high aspirations, possessed, in his own opinion, neither taste nor aptitude for law or medicine; while for the sacred work of the ministry he felt himself to be spiritually unfit, and, therefore, resolved on being a stone mason.

In forming this resolution we obtain a glimpse of the tendencies of his mind. Although this employment involved the most exhausting labors and bitter hardships during the summer months, yet they were most agreeably compensated by the leisure which the winter afforded for intellectual culture. He still had an idea that, after all, literature or natural science might prove to be his true vocation; and he hoped by the rugged road of toil and self-discipline to reach his destined goal. He apprenticed himself to the husband of one of his maternal aunts for the term of three years, and took his first lesson in this new school, early one spring morning, at a sandstone quarry in the neighborhood of Cromarty. Had he not become a quarrier, it is probable he would never have risen to the eminence he attained as a geologist. His employment necessarily brought him into familiar acquaintance with the formation and structure of the "everlasting hills," while his shrewdness and studious habits enabled him to turn the results of his observations to valuable account.

Shortly after this sensible decision had been come to, the young mason, in the course of his explorations, lighted upon a most remarkable bed of ancient fossils. They were discovered on the northern shore of the Moray Frith, in some of the lower strata of the old red sandstone, a

formation with which his name is indissolubly identified; many of his friends, indeed, having in the later portion of his life playfully denominated him "Old Red." In this rich deposit he found at once an admirable antidote to weariness, and a pleasant stimulus and recompense to study. The passage in which he describes these ancient records and medallions of creation is so graphic, so beautifully clear, and withal so instructive, that we venture to introduce it to our readers:

"The deposit which the hill of Eathie disturbed is exclusively a liassic one. The upturned base of the formation rests immediately against the hill; and we may trace the edges of the various overlaying beds for several hundred feet onward, until we lose them in the sea. The various beds are curiously divided from each other by bands of fossiliferous limestone of but from one to two feet thick. These liassic beds, with their separating bands, are a sort of boarded books; for, as a series of volumes reclining against a granite pedestal in the geologic library of nature, I used to find pleasure in regarding them. The limestone bands, elaborately marbled with lignite, ichthyolite, and shell, form the stiff boarding; the pasteboard-like laminae between—tens and hundreds of thousands in number were in the slimmer volumes—compose the closely-written leaves; I say closely-written, for never yet did signs or characters lie closer on page or scroll than do the organisms of the lias on the surface of these leaf-like laminae. The general tone of the coloring of these written leaves, though dimmed by the action of untold centuries, is still very striking. The ground is invariably of a deep neutral gray, verging on black; while the flattened organisms, which present about the same degree of relief as one sees in the figures of an embossed card, contrast with it in tints that vary from opaque to silvery white, and from a pale yellow to an umbry or chestnut brown. Groups of ammonites appear as if drawn in white chalk, clusters of a minute undescribed bivalve are still plated with their films of silvery nacre; while graptolites and oysters are always of a dark gray.

"On some of the leaves, curious pieces of incident seem recorded. We see fleets of minute terebratulæ, that appear to have been covered up by some sudden deposit from above, when riding at their anchors; and whole argosies of ammonites, that seem to have been wrecked at once by some untoward accident, and sent crushed and dead to the bottom. Assemblages of bright black plates, that shine like pieces of japan-work, with numerous scales bristling like nail points, indicate where some armed fish of the old ganoid order lay down and died; and groups of belemnites, that lie like heaps of boarding-pikes thrown carelessly on a vessel's deck on the surrender of the crew, tell where *sculls* of cuttle-fishes of the ancient type had ceased to trouble the waters. These spear-like belemnites formed the 'thunderbolts' which

were formerly much sought after in the north for the cure of bewitched cattle.

"Lying athwart some of the pages thus strangely inscribed, we occasionally find, like the dark hawthorn leaf in Bewick's well-known vignette, slim-shaped leaves colored in deep umber; and branches of extinct pines, and fragments of strangely fashioned ferns form their more ordinary garnishing. Page after page, for tens and hundreds of feet together, repeat the same wonderful story. The great Alexandrian library, with its tomes of ancient literature, the accumulation of long ages, was but a meager collection—not less puny in bulk than recent in date—compared with this marvelous library of the Scotch lias."

Who, as Mr. Miller asks, after once spending even a few hours in such a school, could avoid being a geologist? He had previously found much pleasure among rocks and in caves; but it was the wonders of the Eathie lias that first gave direction to his curiosity and an aim to his desultory studies. From being a mere child, who had sought a rational amusement in looking over the *pictures* of the stony volume of nature, he henceforth became a sober student, desirous of reading it intelligently.

After undergoing untold hardships, our young mason, in the spring of 1824, moved southward in quest of more remunerative employment, and secured an engagement almost immediately on his arrival at the Scottish capital. He formed one of a large party of skillful stone-cutters who were employed at Niddry, in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. He made his *début* among his brethren of the south, who were exceedingly jealous of northern invaders, with great trepidation and solicitude; but he was encouraged to find his services appreciated by the foreman, and rewarded at the same rate as those of others. Hugh soon found that he was an object of inveterate hostility and dislike, while frequent attempts were made to disparage his work, and chase him out of their companionship. The foreman, however, an upright and pious man, stood bravely by him, and cheered his spirit. The chief cause of this prejudice against Hugh probably consisted in his quiet but steady refusal to mingle in their dissipations, or to identify himself with their trade organizations. His sojourn in Edinburgh on this occasion was not of very long duration, nor were his recollections of the visit of the pleasantest description. His lungs having become affected by the dust inhaled while

engaged in hewing stone, he returned home to recruit his health. He remained for several months in a delicate and precarious condition, and on becoming convalescent, instead of hiring out his services again, he undertook such little commissions as were intrusted to him by friends and patrons in the neighborhood. Among these were an ornate dial-stone for his uncles, sculptured tablets, and tombstones for church-yards, in connection with which he introduced a higher style of art than had previously been in vogue. Sometimes the demands of employers took him to some hospitable farm-house, to the dwelling of a laird, or to a sequestered village among the hills, whereby he picked up a great deal of knowledge of Highland society, at the same time that he earned by his industry a comfortable subsistence.

Work failing him in the middle of the year 1828, he visited Inverness, and thinking that his style of cutting inscriptions could not fail, if known, to secure him many little jobs in that line, he inserted an advertisement in one of the journals, soliciting employment. He laid special emphasis in his announcement on the *correctness* of his execution, well knowing the not unfrequent absence of that quality among stone masons.

But Hugh did not trust to his advertisement alone. He thought that his appeal would be greatly strengthened if he could get a specimen or two of his poetry inserted in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Inverness* newspapers. Having a letter of introduction to the minister in the town, from whom he expected to receive some amount of literary sympathy and the furtherance of his view, he resolved to wait upon him. He accordingly attended the great man's morning *levée*, armed with an ode, which he had just composed, in praise of the river that flows through the town; and after waiting till his turn came, he was ushered in. The tale was quickly told; the poem was read; and then commenced a fusillade of criticism on the part of the minister, and of bold defense of the several positions attacked, with the citation of high authorities on the part of the poet-mason. The application was a decided failure; but other friends turned up to aid the striving aspirant, though not in the way he had projected. His literary schemes for a time signally miscarried. Work, however, came at length;

a solitary job, succeeded by no other; and, turning his back upon Inverness, in, we fear, no very grateful mood, he directed his steps once more toward Cromarty.

But his literary ambition was by no means extinguished by the repulses he had met. Piqued, probably, by the scant appreciation of his talents, he rashly resolved to rush into print and brave public criticism. Accordingly, collecting a number of the choicer effusions of his muse, he dispatched them to the printer of the *Inverness Courier*, with instructions to produce a small volume of poems. While the volume was passing through the press, the editor of the *Courier*, by the insertion of stanzas in his columns, did his best to excite interest and expectation regarding the coming production. On its appearance there was much diversity of critical opinion expressed, both in private local circles, and in the public organs. Some hailed the new poet as a second Burns, while one reviewer felt it his duty to admonish him that "he would make more in a week by his trowel than in half a century by his pen." An itinerant lecturer on elocution, who generally failed to secure an audience, came to Cromarty, and, as a draw, announced his intention of delivering an elaborate criticism on the recently-published "*Poems of a Journeyman Mason*." The topic took, as might have been anticipated; but the remarks on the verses of their worthy townsman were ignorant and ill-natured, and so kindled the indignation of the hearers that the lecturer was compelled to beat a precipitate retreat, in order to escape condign chastisement.

Meanwhile, although this maiden effort won him the favor of many distinguished friends, he felt conscious that poetry was not his true vocation, and accordingly set himself to produce something more likely to be acceptable to the public. He decided upon writing in the *Inverness paper* a series of popular letters on the herring fishery. The impression produced by these articles, so full of accurate information, graphic sketchiness, and sometimes of wild and stormy interest, was immense, both north and south; and the experiment was valuable, as showing the direction in which his literary power really lay.

About this time Mr. Miller wrote an

autobiographic sketch, at the request of the late Principal Baird, which probably formed the germ of the admirable work afterward published under the title of "*My Schools and Schoolmasters*."

Thus, in the diligent discharge of the duties of his calling, diversified by civic usefulness and by literary indulgence, several years of Mr. Miller's life glided peacefully away. At length Providence interposed on his behalf, and advanced him to a sphere which at once lightened the severity of his labors and improved his social status. A branch bank being about to be opened in Cromarty, in connection with the Commercial Bank of Scotland, the accountantship was offered to him, without the usual guarantees, so high stood his character in the estimation of those who knew him intimately. He was sent to Linlithgow, to be initiated into the mysteries of banking. The first impression which he here produced seems to have been unfavorable; for his temporary superior, having gone to Edinburgh a few days after his arrival, gave expression at the head bank to the conviction that it would be in vain attempting to make "yon man" an accountant. He was too precipitate in his judgment, however; for ere long Mr. Miller had found the clew to the system, which led at once to the mastery of all its details. A fortnight only had elapsed when the agent again visited the capital, and he was asked how, in the absence of the accountant, (who had been called into England,) he could get away from his charge. He had left Mr. Miller in the office, he said. "What! the incompetent?" "O! that," he replied, "is all a mistake; the incompetent has already mastered our system."

After this new apprenticeship of about two months he returned to Cromarty, and entered at once on his new occupation. The sudden change from an active, out-of-door life to a sedentary and indoor one, told for a season unfavorably upon his health and spirits; but both mind and body gradually recovered their wonted elasticity, while the augmented leisure at his disposal was most sedulously devoted to intellectual culture. He became about this time a contributor to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* and other serials; but the publication which brought his powerful talents most widely into notice, and which led to another great change in his

position, was a pamphlet on the all-absorbing Church question of the day, which he dedicated to Lord Brougham. The leaders of the non-intrusionist party were just about to start a newspaper, as the organ and champion of their views. Their great difficulty consisted in finding a suitable editor, nearly all the ready-made editors being adverse; but this desideratum, it was felt, could be supplied if Mr. Miller would consent to undertake the charge. This, with considerable reluctance, he agreed to do, and thus singularly commenced his connection with the *Witness*, a connection which terminated only with his death. The influence of this journal upon Scottish society has for years been second to no other. In its columns the editor did not confine himself to ordinary local or current topics; for most of his geological observations and researches originally appeared in the form of articles in the paper.

It constitutes no part of our object in this biographic sketch to describe and characterize all the valuable works which Mr. Miller has given to the world: the "Old Red Sandstone," a book which placed him at once in the most illustrious company as a man of science and a popular writer, "First Impressions of England and its People," being the reminiscences of a tour, and containing some of the finest descriptive passages in the language, the "Foot-prints of the Creator," an eloquent and triumphant antidote to that pernicious volume, "The Vestiges of Creation," and "The Testimony of the Rocks," a work, O how precious! since in its birth it has cost the life of its gifted author.

In the act of writing Mr. Miller was slow, every word having been wrung from his brain with dire difficulty, thus painfully realizing in himself what Foster has denominated "the agonies of composition." Yet how beautiful and captivating the result! His style has all the charm of Goldsmith's sweetness, with the infusion of a rich vigor that stamps it with an air of originality. He is one of the few writers who have successfully conjoined the graces of literature with the formal details of science; and, greater praise than all, his works were invariably, of late years, consecrated to the cause of revealed truth and the best interests of humanity. He "lived as ever in the

great Taskmaster's eye." In all things, except the intemperance of study, he is deserving of our imitation; and to the sons of toil especially, his example should speak powerfully.

Hugh Miller overtasked his brain; and, while his life is so full of noble lessons, his end also may teach all co-workers in his school of usefulness the necessity of carefully husbanding their mental powers, if they would preserve them long for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

### THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

THE deep glassy waters of the lakes I have described in Central and Western New York are dotted with but two or three small islands, one of which, reposing sweetly on the bosom of the Cayuga, may be seen in the engraving on the following page. It was formerly used as a burial-place by the Indians, and from its prominence on one of Sir William Johnson's charts, must have served as a landmark to the early explorers of the lake country.

Though exceedingly small, Park Island has been beautifully apostrophized in Mr. Street's poem of "Frontenac:—"

"Sweet sylvan lake! One single gem  
Is in thy liquid diadem.  
No sister has this little isle  
To give its beauty smile for smile;  
With it to hear the blue-bird sing:  
'Wake, leaves and flowers! here comes the  
spring!  
With it to weave for summer's tread  
Mosses below and flowers o'er head;  
With it to flash to gorgeous skies  
The opal pomp of autumn dyes,  
And when stern winter's tempests blow,  
To shrink beneath his robes of snow.'"

Opposite Park Island and the bay of Union Springs is the point of Canoga, with a little hamlet of the same name. This spot will hereafter be celebrated as the birth-place of Red Jacket, the greatest sachem the Senecas ever produced. His parents were of that nation, and lived at Can-e-de-sa-ga, a large Indian village on the present site of Geneva. Game being scarce along the Seneca, they, with a number of others, were hunting on the west shore of the Cayuga, where *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, the Indian name of the great chieftain, was born under the great tree which formerly stood near the spring of





GLEN COVE, CAYUGA LAKE.

Canoga. The locality has been purchased by Judge Sackett, of Seneca Falls, who derived the statement I have made from Red Jacket himself. When interrogated about his birth-place the sachem would answer, counting on his fingers as he spoke,

"One, two, three, four above John Harris," meaning four miles above where Harris kept his ferry across the Cayuga before the erection of the bridge alluded to in my last article. His birth is supposed to have taken place about the year 1750, and the orator whose eloquence became the glory of his people, owed nothing to the advantages of "illustrious descent."

But little is known of his history until the campaign of Sullivan, when Red Jacket must have been about twenty-nine years of age. Tradition says that he was remarkably swift in the chase, and that on account of his fleetness he was often employed as a messenger by his people in his youth, and afterward in a like capacity by the British officers during the Revolution.

According to Mr. Stone, an eloquent Indian biographist, the Seneca chief, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, (He-keeps-them-awake,) obtained the name of Red Jacket from the following circumstance: During the war of the Revolution his activity and intelli-

gence attracted the attention of several officers in the service of the British crown, and acquired for him their friendship. One of them, either as a compliment or for services rendered, gave him a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterward best known.

As an orator the name of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha stands first in the annals of the Senecas, if not, indeed, of all the Iroquois. Yet Dr. Breckenridge justly remarks of him: "It would appear that, like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war than to lead them to victory." Brandt ever regarded him with mingled feelings of hatred and contempt, and was wont to accuse the Seneca of the basest cowardice. He appears, however, to have redeemed, in part, his reputation at the battle of Fort Niagara.

I can give but a single specimen of Red Jacket's oratory. It was spoken at an Indian council in reply to a speech of a Christian missionary, and illustrates both the keen logical powers of the sachem's mind and his enmity to the Christian religion:

"BROTHER: Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother: Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother: You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can read the book?

"Brother: We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way."

An instance of the orator's remarkable power over his people occurred at the great Council at Canandaigua, when the

Senecas ceded some of their lands to Mr. Phelps. Two days had passed away in negotiation with the Indians. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed when Red Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator he drew his blanket around him, and, with a piercing eye, surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing interposed to break the silence save the rustling of the tree-tops under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he began his speech in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with his subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of the white man with such a bold, but faithful pencil, that the Indian auditors were soon roused to vengeance or melted into tears.

The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon



CANANDAIGUA LAKE—EAST SHORE.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE—WEST SHORE.

the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction.

At that portentous moment Farmer's brother interposed. He did not attempt to answer his brother chief, but, with sagacity truly aboriginal, caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and, before the meeting had reassembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them.

In my last article I gave a legend of the Senecas relative to the origin of their tribe on the shore of Canandaigua Lake. There, in fact, is the sacred mount of the Senecas. Connected with this hill and a wild precipice in its vicinity, which hangs beetling over the lake, called the "Lover's Leap," is an interesting story of Indian love. The legend, though of a later date than that of the serpent, descends from remote traditions. It was originally related to Mr. Hosmer, of Avon, by a Seneca chief of some note, whose name was "Checkered Cap."

During the wars of the Senecas and the Algonquins of the North, a chief of the latter was captured and carried to the hill of Ge-nun-de-wah, whereon a

fortification, consisting of a square without bastions, and surrounded by palisades, was situated. The captive, though young in years, was famed for his prowess in the forest conflict, and nature had been bountiful to his person in those gifts of strength and symmetry which waken savage admiration.

After a short debate he was condemned to die on the following day by the slow torture of impalement. While he was lying in the "cabin of death," a lodge devoted to the reception of condemned prisoners, the daughter of the sachem brought him food, and, struck with his manly form and heroic bearing, resolved to save him or share his fate. Her bold enterprise was favored by the uncertain light of the gray dawn, while the sentinel, weary with his night watch, and forgetful of his duty, was slumbering. Stealing with noiseless tread to the side of the young captive, she unloosed the cords wherewith his limbs were bound, and in breathing accents besought him to follow her.

The fugitives descended to the hill by a wooded path conducting to the lake, but ere they reached the water an alarm whoop, wild and shrill, was heard issuing from the lips of the waking guard. They

tarried not, though thorny vines and fallen timber obstructed the way. At length they reached the smooth beach, and leaping into a canoe previously provided by the brave and considerate damsel, they plied the paddle vigorously, steering for the opposite shore. Vain were their efforts. On the wind came cries of rage, and the quick tramp of savage warriors bounding over rock and glen in fierce pursuit. The Algonquin, with the reckless daring of a young brave, sent back a yell of defiance; and soon after the splash of oars was heard, and a dozen war canoes were cutting the billows in their rear.

On landing the unfortunate lovers took a trail leading in a western direction over the hills. The Algonquin, weakened by unhealed wounds, followed his active guide up the acclivity with panting heart and flagging pace, while his enemies, with their grim old sachem at their head, drew nearer and nearer. At length, finding that further attempts at flight were useless, she diverged from the trail, and conducted her lover to a table-crested rock that projected over a ravine one hundred and fifty feet in depth, the bottom of which was strewn with huge misshapen rocks, scattered about in rude profusion.



CANANDAIGUA HOTEL.

With hearts nerved to a high resolve, the hapless pair awaited the arrival of their yelling pursuers. Conspicuous by his eagle plume, towering form, and scowling brow, the daughter soon descried her inexorable sire leaping from crag to crag below her. He paused abruptly when his fiery eye rested on the objects of his pursuit. Notching an arrow on the string of his tried and unerring bow, he raised his sinewy arms; but, ere the mis-sive was sent, Wun-nut-hay, the beautiful, had interposed her form between her father and his victim. In wild, appealing tones she entreated her sire to spare the young chieftain, assuring him that they

would leap together from the precipice rather than be separated. The stern old man, deaf to her supplication, and disregarding her menace, ordered his followers to seize the fugitive. Warrior after warrior darted up the rock; but, on reaching the platform, at the moment when they were grasping to clutch the young brave, the lovers, locked in fond embrace, flung themselves

“From the steep rock and perished.”

The mangled bodies were buried in the bottom of the glen beneath the shade of everlasting rocks; and two small hollows, resembling sunken graves, are to this day



GENESEE COLLEGE, LIMA.

pointed out to the curious traveler as the burial-place of "the lovers." It is a sweet, wild haunt; the sunbeams fall there with a softened radiance, and a brook near by gives out a complaining murmur, as if mourning for the dead.

On the top of Ge-nun-de-wah are to be seen the remains of an Indian orchard, a few moss-grown and wind bowed apple-trees still linger, sad, but fitting emblems of the wasted race by whom they were planted.

In bold and striking scenery the shores of Canandaigua Lake are not surpassed by those of any of her fair sisters. The reader will call to mind our beautiful engraving of the head of the lake in the last number of *THE NATIONAL*. At the foot of the lake is Canandaigua, the wealthiest, if not the most beautiful village in our country. There live the descendants of the pioneers who first settled Western New York. Canandaigua is also celebrated for the excellence of its schools. The hotel, of which we give an engraving, is the most splendid edifice of the kind west of the city of New York, and of which our metropolis herself would justly be proud.

A few miles west from Canandaigua, on the road to Avon Springs, is Lima, the seat of a well-known institution of learning. Every reader of *THE NATIONAL* must be acquainted with the name of Genesee College, of which we give our readers

an excellent illustration in the present article.

Such as have traveled on the line of the Central Railway (and all the world travels in that direction) are familiar with the general scenery of Western New York. Of its appearance half a century ago Dr. Dwight, of New Haven, has left us a beautiful description in his travels. He writes:

"At every little distance, especially on the higher grounds, the view is widely though indefinitely extended along the surface; and a little above where he looks through the stems of the trees, is bounded only by the horizon. On every side a multitude of chasms conduct his eye beyond the labyrinth by which he is surrounded, and presents an imaginary passage back into the world from which he is withdrawn; bewildering him with expectation continually awakened to be continually disappointed. Thus in a kind of a wild romantic rapture, he wanders over these plains with emotions similar to those with which, when a child, he roamed the wilderness created in Arabian tales, or the imaginary regions spread before him in a dream. He is not only separated from all human beings, but is every moment conscious of this separation. Wherever he ascends one of the superior elevations, he seems to stand above the rest of the globe. On every side he looks downward, and beholds a prospect with many vistas opening indeed around him, but conducting his eye to no definite object, and losing it in confusion and obscurity. His view is confined by neither forests nor mountains; while yet trees in a thin dispersion partly interrupt it, but at the same time discover through their various openings that it has no other limitation than the skirts of the heavens."



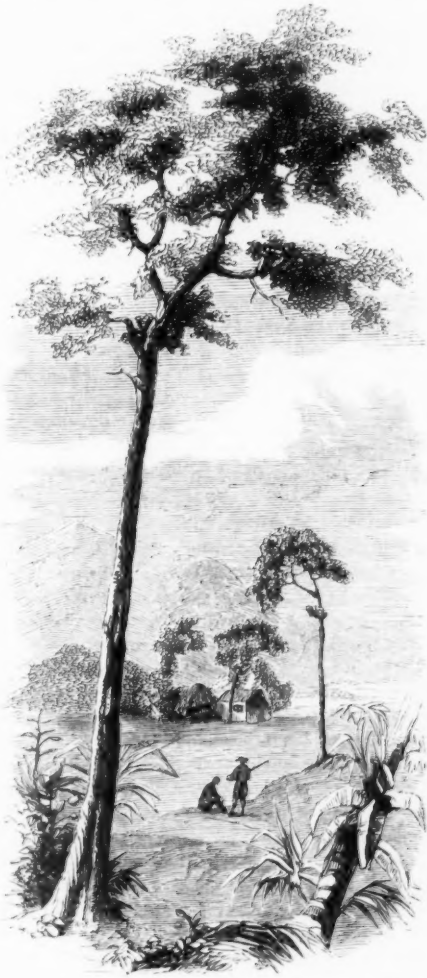
### THE UPAS-TREE OF FACT AND FICTION.

SOME time about the year 1775, a certain Dutch surgeon called Foersch, who had traveled much in Java, came back and wrote a book, in which he described some curious things he had seen. Unscrupulous travelers, in the time when Surgeon Foersch lived, could take greater license of description than now. Then, there were no railroads in Egypt or Hindoostan. Bottles of soda-water were not then retailed to travelers in the desert. Fishes had never been frightened into fits by the paddles of dashing steam-boats; and even the steam-engine itself was a clumsy sort of thing. Turks did not wear frock-coats, mermaids were reported plentiful, and the kraken lifted his huge bulk out of the maelström.

To return to Mynheer Foersch, however. This gentleman, after traveling in Java, came back and published an account of the Upas poison valley of Java; so grave and circumstantial that, extraordinary as the testimony was, people did not hesitate to accept it. So many little details were given, that every statement made had the quality of *local coloring*, as an artist would say; and one could hardly refuse to believe it.

Foersch, after prefacing his tale respecting the upas with the remark, that although he had long heard of the extraordinary tree, still he could not believe in its existence, goes on to say that he had satisfied himself on that point, and that the reports of the natives respecting it were by no means overdrawn. He then proceeds to tell us all about it, the summary of which is as follows: Somewhere in the far recesses of Java there is, according to Foersch, a dreadful tree, the poisonous secretions of which are so virulent, that they not only kill by contact, but poison the air for several miles around, so that the greater number of those who approach the vegetable monster are killed. Nothing whatever, he tells us, can grow within several miles of the upas-tree, except

some little trees of the same species. For a distance of about fifteen miles round about the spot, the ground is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts, and human beings. Among other evidence which Foersch brings to bear collaterally upon the subject of the upas-tree, as described by him, is the following: He mentions, that many hundred Javanese who once rebelled against the emperor, and were conquered by the imperial armies, rather than submit as prisoners of war, took refuge in the districts outlying the upas-tree, which latter, however, they did not approach nearer than fifteen miles; never-



THE UPAS-TREE.

theless, so poisoned was the air, that the greater number of the rebels in question died, and the remainder, having humbly implored the emperor that they might be allowed to seek a healthier resting-place, had their prayer granted. Nevertheless, the fatal emanations of the upas-tree had already done the work—very few of the pardoned rebels recovered.

According to Foersch, the poisonous juice of the upas-tree was much employed, not only to envenom arrows, and as a means of criminal execution, but for the still more objectionable purpose of secret poisoning. The Dutch, according to Foersch, suffered during their wars with the Javanese to such an extent, by drinking water which had been tainted by upas poison, that they at last were in the habit of carrying live fish about with them in their campaigns, as tests of its presence. If the fish lived after immersion in the suspected water, all was well: if they died, of course the water was poisoned.

Foersch gives us a circumstantial account of an execution witnessed by him, of thirteen of the emperor's wives at one time, by means of a lancet smeared with the upas poison. These unhappy ladies having offended their lord and master, and being sentenced to die, fell victims to the deadly plant a few seconds after each had been punctured with the poisoned lancet.

The reader will now, perhaps, be desirous to know how, according to Mynheer Foersch, the upas poison was obtained, seeing that the tree was so exclusive in its site, that no person might approach it nearer than some fifteen miles without the most imminent danger. It was obtained, he said, by criminals condemned to die. After sentence had been pronounced, they were asked to choose between immediate execution and the chance of saving their lives by procuring upas poison. They usually preferred the latter; for, though exceedingly dangerous, nevertheless the errand was not inevitably fatal. If, related Foersch, the wind happened to blow toward the tree during the journey, the criminal, if of strong constitution, usually saved his life; but not otherwise. According to our traveler, an old priest resided on the confines of the upas valley, whose sole office was to prepare the upas hunters for their duties, and administer religious consolation to them before they set out on their course. With this functionary, Foersch

said he had a long conversation, during which many particulars about the wonderful tree were fully explained. The old priest is reported to have said that, during a residence of thirty years in the upas neighborhood, he had dispatched no less than seven hundred upas gatherers, scarcely ten per cent. of whom returned. On arriving at his house, each criminal was provided with a mask, or leather hood, and a small box, in which to contain the poison when collected. The criminals usually waited at the priest's dwelling until a favorable wind set in, under the protection of which they sped away on their fatal course, the old man accompanying them to a certain rivulet, the stream of which they were directed to follow until arriving at the tree. Foersch goes on to explain how desirous he was to obtain some portion of this marvelous tree as a relic; but after long waiting, and many entreaties, he could only procure two withered leaves.

Well, Mynheer Foersch, there would not be the slightest difficulty in procuring leaves of the upas-tree now. They are figured in many books as leaves of the *Antiaris toxicaria*. The juice of the tree is so remarkably poisonous, that all which Foersch has related concerning the effects of punctures with lancets poisoned by contact with it, is strictly consistent with what we know concerning the power of this class of poisons. Had the Dutch surgeon not told his readers that he was satisfied from personal experience concerning the existence of the upas-tree, and that the accounts which he had heard respecting it were not overrated, there would be not much to be said against his statements; for Java contains upas-trees, and their juice is remarkably poisonous. Java also contains a poison valley, the air of which is so impure, that any living being which finds its way there speedily falls a victim. The poison valley in question, however, is not poisonous because of the upas-tree; its circumference is nearer half a mile than otherwise, and the extent of its influence over adjacent parts of Java may be readily inferred from the particulars I shall presently give.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Grotto del Cane, in the vicinity of Naples; a grotto so called because dogs are the animals usually selected to show by their suffering and death how dangerous

it is. The Grotto del Cane may be entered by a grown-up human individual with impunity, because the poisonous gas, on which its energy depends, is so heavy that it does not rise sufficiently high to be breathed, though a dog's nose and mouth being below the level of the poisonous emanation, the animal soon dies. The poison valley of Java is something like the Grotto del Cane on a gigantic scale. There is a difference, however, between the two as regards the kind of poisonous gas contained in each. That of the Grotto del Cane is carbonic acid gas—the same gas which is evolved from burning charcoal, from ginger-beer and soda-water, champagne, cider, and brewers' vats; but the poisonous air of the Java valley must contain, from the description we now have of it, other gases than the carbonic acid. Most probably the gas to which its energy is due is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphureted hydrogen; but the chemical reader shall judge for himself from the description of Mr. Alexander Loudon, who visited the pestilential spot in July, 1830. This gentleman was fortunate in being able to find natives ready to take him to the poisoned valley, which they hold in great dread. A previous traveler had heard a very faithful account of it by the natives, but could not find any person who would show him its locality. Mr. Loudon heard for the first time of the poison valley, called by the natives "Gueva Upas," July 3, 1830, during a walk one morning with a native chief, who told him there was a valley only three miles from Batum, which no person could enter without forfeiting his life; and that the bottom of the place was covered with the skeletons of birds, and beasts, and human beings. Mr. Loudon having communicated this intelligence to some of the Dutch authorities, it was agreed that a party of exploration should be made up, and the poison valley should be visited. "I had heard," says Mr. Loudon, "that a lake existed on the summit of one of the mountains, and that it was dangerous to approach very near the banks of this lake; but of the poison valley I had never heard before; the accounts of it now were so very extraordinary that I did not believe them."

Early on the 4th of July, 1830, Mr. Loudon and his fellow-excursionists set out on their exploration. The valley, as correctly stated by the natives, was only

three miles from Batum. So far was there from being an absence of vegetation in its vicinity, as had been anticipated, that a Mr. Daendels, a gentleman in the Dutch service, ordered a path to be made through the dense brushwood, to facilitate the progress of the explorers. Mr. Loudon took with him two dogs and some fowls, as subjects of experiment. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they left their horses, and scrambled up the mountain side, holding on for security by the branches of trees. The explorers were very much fatigued before they got up, the path being very steep and slippery. When within a few yards of the edge of the valley, a sickening, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced; but no sooner did Mr. Loudon and his companions come close to the place, than the smell ceased. Mr. Loudon shall now speak a few words for himself: "We were lost in astonishment," he relates, "at the awful scene below us. The valley was an oval excavation, about half a mile in circumference; its depth from thirty to thirty-five feet. The bottom quite flat; no vegetation, not even a blade of grass, but abundance of stones, like river-stones in appearance, and covered thickly with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of other birds and animals." Mr. Loudon, as soon as his first impressions had abated, began to look about for the cause of the desolation there apparent. He examined for clefts or crevices, through which the escape of gas might take place, but he could not find any. The bottom of the valley appeared unbroken, and to be composed of a white sandy material. The sides of the valley from top to bottom were found covered with vegetation, both trees and shrubs. One adventurous person proposed to enter the valley—a proposal, however, which Mr. Loudon considerably declined, and which the proposer himself did not carry into practice. All managed, however, by exercising great care, to descend within eighteen feet of the bottom. Still no difficulty of breathing was experienced; only a sickly, nauseous smell. The deadly character of the emanations of the valley may be judged of from the result of certain painful experiments made. A dog was fastened to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent in. Some members of the party had stop-watches, by which the exact duration of life in the

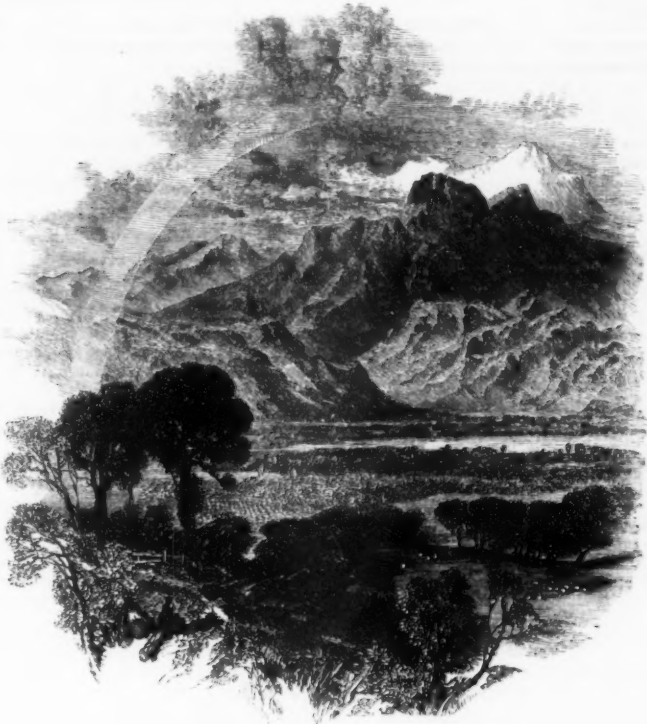
valley was determined. In ten seconds the animal fell on his back, overcome by the poisonous gas; he neither barked nor moved his limbs, but continued breathing for about eighteen minutes. The second dog broke loose from the bamboo, and walked in of his own accord to the spot where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still for ten seconds, when he fell on his back, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes.

The first of the fowls was now thrown in; it died in a minute and a half. A second fowl was dead before touching the ground. On the side of the valley, opposite to where Mr. Loudon stood, he saw the skeleton of a human being bleached quite white, and lying on a large stone. The skeleton was lying on its back, with the right hand under the head. Mr. Loudon wished to procure this skeleton, but he was unable to do so. This, and other human skeletons existing in the poison valley, are supposed to have been those of rebels, who, pursued from the main road, had taken refuge here, ignorant of the fatal nature of the place.

It is a pity that Mr. Loudon, when he was about it, did not procure a bottleful of the gas which pervades this poisonous locality. Had he done so, analysis might have settled the nature of it. The chemical reader, however, will be convinced, from various points of the description, that sulphureted hydrogen, if not the sole gaseous poison there, must be a constituent of it to a very large degree. And a very terrible poison it is, too. Some years ago a curious experiment was made with it at the Veterinary College at Lyons. The object proposed was to determine whether a horse could be killed with it by mere absorption through the skin. For this purpose the poor animal was inclosed, all but the head, in an india-rubber bag, containing air mixed with twelve per cent. of sulphureted hydrogen gas. The conditions of the experiment of course permitted the horse to breathe atmospheric air; nevertheless, he died. *This is the gas which accumulates in graveyards, cesspools, and other places where animal matter is collected.* Accidents originating with it have been particularly frequent at Paris, where the conditions are such that large amounts of animal matter accumulate, and are allowed to remain for considerable periods in domestic establishments. Surely all who

are interested in the sanitary welfare of the community ought to be stirred up by the reflection, that through our want of caution we are often allowing the very gases that constitute the destructive properties of the upas valley, to do their deadly work upon the population in the midst of us.

Were it desirable for any reason to purify the poison valley of Java, there is reason to believe, from the description of the locality furnished to us by Mr. Loudon, that it could be effected by the exercise of moderate engineering skill. Sulphureted hydrogen gas, like carbonic acid gas, is very heavy; it remains at the bottom of a vessel just as a liquid would do. If, therefore, the poison valley were tapped, like a barrel, at its lowest part, all the foul air would run away, and, mixing with the external air, would soon be diluted to such an extent, that no practical harm would ensue. When sulphureted hydrogen is mixed with air in very small proportions, it may be breathed with impunity. In point of fact, we breathe it every day of our lives, especially such of us as live in cities; nay, it is continually evolved from our hair. A curious point may here be mentioned in reference to this evolution: sulphureted hydrogen has the property of turning black certain metallic compounds which are brought in contact with it. Among the metallic compounds in question, those of lead and bismuth are conspicuous. If, therefore, hair be smeared with a paste into which litharge (oxyd of lead) enters, and cutaneous exhalation retarded by a cap of oil-skin, the hair is dyed black, although the dye itself be light red. Of this kind is the ordinary hair-dye. That oxyd of bismuth is changed to black, has been discovered by ladies more than once, to their cost. Some mineral waters, among which that of Harrowgate is a familiar example, contain this offensive gas dissolved; and oxyd of bismuth, owing to its pearly whiteness, has sometimes been used as a skin pigment. Certain incautious fair ones have before now emerged from a bath of the Harrowgate waters in a most alarming state of blackness, the cause of which the chemical reader will be at no loss to understand. The blackness, however, is not permanent; and if the accident causes a lady to reflect on the folly of using skin cosmetics, it will not have occurred in vain.



## THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly  
light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:

Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first  
decay;

When every form of death, and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
When Murder bared its arm, and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the  
plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;  
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,  
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of  
air,  
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling pow'r,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled  
hour!

On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.



"Go, Child of Heaven! (thy wingèd words  
proclaim,)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!  
Lo! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,  
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!  
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,  
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming  
eye?

Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,

The speed of light, the circling march of sound;  
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

"The Swedish sage admires in yonder bow'rs,  
His wingèd insects, and his rosy flow'rs;  
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage  
train

With sounding horn, and counts them on the  
plain:

So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers  
came

To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,  
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;  
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye  
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,  
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,  
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:  
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span  
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?"

"Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd  
eye

To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:  
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian  
height,

From streams that wander in eternal light,  
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters  
swell

The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;  
Deep from his vaults, the Loisian murmurs flow,  
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heav'n! the smiling muse shall  
shed

Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;  
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,  
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.

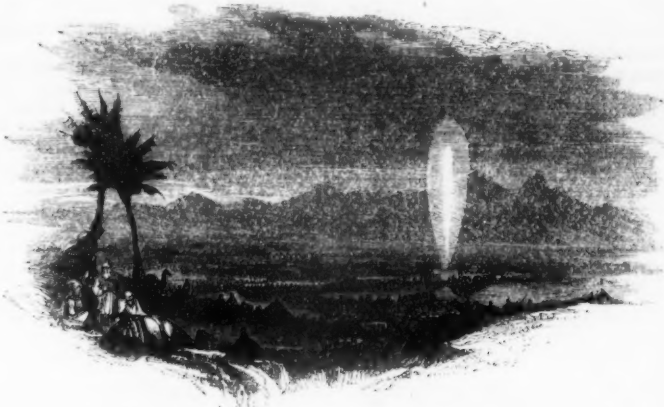
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,  
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;  
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,  
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly  
name;

Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,  
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,  
Flings from her golden urn the vespèr dew,  
And bids fond man her glimmering noon em-  
ploy,

Sacred to love and walks of tender joy;  
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,  
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;





While Beauty's deeply pictured smiles impart  
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—  
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,  
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.  
Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,  
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;  
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;  
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,  
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of Grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be  
given,  
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n;  
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,  
That never mused on sorrow but its own,  
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.  
The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth;  
Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,  
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord  
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;  
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,  
When Israel march'd along the desert land,  
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
And told the path—a never-setting star:  
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,  
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy  
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;  
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,  
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the  
same—  
O there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,  
And chase the pangs that worth should never  
know—  
There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more;  
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.

What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,  
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;  
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,  
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,  
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,  
And call from Heaven propitious dews to  
breathe  
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;  
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile en-  
dears  
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:  
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:  
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;  
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be  
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past;  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away."

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to  
share  
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
Unbless'd by visionary thoughts that stray  
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!  
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,  
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board;  
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor de-  
stroy  
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the  
gale  
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;  
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore  
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse  
that bore,  
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,  
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her madden-  
ing gaze:  
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in  
vain,  
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;  
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,  
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;

Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight  
sky,  
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,  
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn  
To hail the bark that never can return;  
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch whose wanderings  
never knew  
The world's regard, that soothes, though half  
untrue;



Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
But found not pity when it err'd no more.  
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;  
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,  
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a  
home—

Er'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray  
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen  
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,  
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the  
while—

O! that for me some home like this would  
smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,  
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!  
There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine;  
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's  
prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing  
mind,  
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,  
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;  
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
And learn the future by the past of man.

## THE WYANDOT CAVE.

CHIEF among the subterranean regions of Southern Indiana, a district remarkable for the number and variety of its caves, is the Wyandot Cave. The counties of Harrison, Crawford, Orange, Lawrence, and Washington, have underlying them great neighborhoods of caverns, varying in character, and extending from a few rods to several miles.

The Sabbath silence of some of these sanctuaries has been broken into, but many, no one knows how many, remain sacred to the darkness and mystery to which nature seems to have ordained them.

The Wyandot Cave is exceedingly spacious and beautiful, having, indeed, no superior in these respects except the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

It is highly probable that the tribe of Indians, in whose honor and memory our cavern has its name, never penetrated its dark, meandering ways; were never, perhaps, aware even of its existence; their home, if Indians may be said to have a home, lying considerably further north. But whether or not the Wyandots ever saw the cave, it is certain that some tribe of Indians at some period, near or remote, not only saw it, but actually made it a place of habitation; but for what purpose, whether to evade the severities of winter, or as a retreat from enemies, there are no means of knowing positively, though ingenious speculations are not wanting in support of favorite theories.

Deep in the interior of the cave smoked walls are to be found, burned embers, ashes, and other unmistakable traces of fires long gone out. Scattered about, here and there, are piles of poles cut from the white oak and the pawpaw, which grow in the level lands far over head; and in the yielding clay of the floors, footprints are pointed out which, from their shape and peculiar succession, are supposed to have been made by the red man. In addition to the indications above mentioned, implements of Indian warfare have been discovered here, such as arrows, arrow-heads, spear-heads, and the like.

The situation of Wyandot Cave is in Crawford County, five miles northeast from Leavenworth, a small town on the Ohio River. It is half a mile distant from the Great Blue River, formerly called the Wyandot River, and about one hundred and

twenty feet above its level. A winding path over a high and steep hill conducts to its entrance, and the surrounding scenery is extremely beautiful, resembling, in some of its aspects, the most picturesque scenery of New England. The geological formation in which the Wyandot Cave occurs, is the mountain limestone, famous everywhere for its cavernous structure. All the remarkable caverns in the world occur in similar formation; the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Weyer's Cave of Virginia, the Grotto of Adelsberg, in Syria, and the Grotto of Antiparos, in Greece.

The visitor is met at the mouth of the cave by a current of wind, more or less strong, according to the degree of heat. In the warmest days of summer it blows almost a gale, decreasing as the autumn approaches, until, at midwinter, it is entirely reversed, blowing in, instead of out.

Of course, the requisitions of a visit are similar to those already described, both as to dress, luncheon, lights, and perseverance.

The visitor will do well to adopt for the occasion a warmer dress than he is accustomed to, as the contrast between the upper air and the subterranean atmosphere of the cave is very strong, and apt to affect one disagreeably at first. The change is not dangerous, however, and, with suitable provisions of dress, the system will gradually and naturally accommodate itself to it. The uniform temperature of the cave is greatly colder than that of the Mammoth Cave, but its atmosphere is wonderfully pure and exhilarating. Everywhere there appears to be an entire absence of noxious gases, and candles and other lights are observed to burn with remarkable clearness and steadiness. The exceeding clearness and purity of the atmosphere here, as in other caves, is accounted for by the extensive beds of niter with which it abounds. The nitrogen, it is said, which is consumed in the formation of nitrate of lime, must have its proportion of free oxygen disengaged, and thus the air is supplied with a large amount of the exhilarating principle. Decay does not occur here, a peculiarity in which the Wyandot and Mammoth Cave closely resemble one another.

"I was shown," says one who some years ago made an exploration of this cave, "the remains of an opossum, which had been here ever since the cave was

discovered, and perhaps for a hundred years before." A portion of its domain, now known as the "old cave," was discovered in 1820, and remained the only part known until 1852, when what is now called the new cave was discovered, and is proved to be much the most considerable and interesting portion.

The limestone in which the cave is situated, especially that part of it embracing the old cave, is highly magnesian, and vast deposits of the sulphate of magnesia, with which the cave abounds, are thus accounted for. Lumps of the sulphate of magnesia are found here, varying from one pound to ten pounds in weight; and Dr. Adams, who was formerly the owner of the cave, engaged largely in the manufacture of saltpeter, and found the trade a thriving one. The earth yields from four to twenty pounds to the bushel, and the salt is of the best quality.

There are in the old cave many halls, chambers, and passages, of remarkable interest and beauty; but the chief wonder and glory of this part of the cavern is "the Pillar of the Constitution," a splendid column of stalactite, fifteen feet in diameter and twenty-five feet in height. It is regularly and elegantly fluted from top to bottom, and appears not unlike a fountain suddenly petrified. This stately column is situated in the middle of a beautiful chamber, called "the Circle of the Union," and is apparently the support of its immense vaulted roof.

The general direction of the old cave is northerly, and its extent somewhere about three miles; but latterly, owing to the more various attractions of the new cave, it has been little visited. Secondary marvels will not long detain the attention of this fast generation, especially when they are only divided by a door from curiosities of the first water.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," to be sure; but time and circumstances make some small beauties wonderfully conspicuous, while other greater ones must needs wait a long time to be acknowledged. Were the old cave, for instance, not so nearly and so grandly neighbored, it might make very respectable pretensions, and set up as a curiosity on its own account.

The new cave has two entrances: the one from the old cave, and nearly a mile from the first outward entrance; the other is still further interior, and through a de-

scent known as Rothrock's Straits. The name, Rothrock, is taken from the proprietor of the farm in which the main entrance of the cave is situated. Passing through the second door, a low, dingy, smoke-stained apartment is entered, which is called Bats' Lodge, because of the vast numbers of bats which make their winter quarters here, clinging to the ceiling and hanging upon the wall in a semi-torpid state till the spring thaws set them free with the icicles. Adjacent to this gloomy quarter, and reached through an aperture called the Rugged Mount, is situated what is now known as the Coon's Council Chamber; a name possessing little merit, it seems to me, except that of having been originated by the person bestowing it.

Upon divers occasions since Shakespeare's day, have straitened men had reason to exclaim, "O for a commodity of good names!"

A little beyond the celebrated Council Chamber the cavern divides, and thence runs, the one branch southward for about three miles, where it terminates in what is called Hovey's Point; the other northward nearly four miles, and ending in what is known as Butler's Point.

So far as the cave has undergone actual measurement, its dimensions may be set down thus: the entire length from point to point is precisely seven miles; but the various avenues included, the discovered portion amounts to twenty miles; a pretty wide territory for the bats and the ghosts of silence and thick shade. One naturally treads lightly and peers carefully about him, who ventures to disturb their ancient, melancholy reign. Nature, as well as art, has her consecrated temples, entering upon which we are impelled to take off our shoes. And surely his condition is not to be envied who feels no awe among the graves of his fathers—no hush in the solemn habitations of silence and old night. The fine edge of nature has been terribly blunted and dulled, if we rush headlong from the mystery of life to that of death, without sometimes pausing to read the writing on the wall. If we do not sometimes stop and make a silence through all the noises of life and inquire, and think, and pray, what better are we than the beasts that perish?

The most interesting of all the apartments, and the one that impresses the beholder most with its sublimities, is known



as "The Grand Dome and Monument Mountain." It is not of very easy access, and obliges us to pay for the sight of its beauty by a long journey, including a passage over what is termed the "Hill of Difficulty." A recent visitor says:

"Standing on the summit of the mountain, which is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, we looked upward; but the top was veiled in thick darkness; we cast our glance around, but the same unilluminated night lay beyond the dim light of our lamps. It was only after we had ignited our fire-works that we could see far above us, the bending arch of this majestic temple, rising two hundred and fifty-five feet from the base of the mountain, while around us extended a circular wall of one thousand feet in circumference. Within this rotunda the ancient Pantheon might be placed, or St. Paul's of London find ample room. The dome is closed at the top by a smooth elliptical slab, beautifully fringed by broad, leaf-like, curling stalactites, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental foliage of the acanthus. The summit of the mountain is a gigantic stalagmite one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, rising in three points, respectively six, five, and three feet high. These points, when viewed from the mountain's base, have the appearance of three persons clad in pure white; hence the name 'Monument Mountain.' Immediately within the shadow of the Grand Dome there is a spring of the most pure and delicious water, and here it is customary for visitors to open their baskets and eat their meal, which is generally partaken of with sharpened appetite, notwithstanding the ghostly company of shadows, and the spirits of the red men that imagination readily calls back to their ancient haunts.

"We call them savage—O be just!  
Their outraged feelings scan;  
A voice comes forth, 'tis from the dust—  
The savage was a man!

"Think ye he loved not? who stood by,  
And in his toils took part?  
Woman was there to bless his eye!  
The savage had a heart!

"Think ye he prayed not? when on high  
He heard the thunder roll,  
What bade him look beyond the sky?  
The savage had a soul!

"I venerate the pilgrim's cause,  
Yet for the red man plead—  
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws—  
Nature gave him his creed."

The sublime and the ridiculous are often close neighbors in the outer world, and to humor her delight in contrasts nature has placed very near the sublime dome a narrow, cylindrical passage but a few inches in diameter, denominated the Auger-Hole. Many a visitor has been compelled to turn back at this point, not without casting longing, lingering looks behind at the unrelenting dimensions of the formidable passage.

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It strikes one that there has generally been a happy appropriateness in naming the different curiosities and apartments of the Wyandot Cave. What could be more beautiful and characteristic, for instance, than the "White Cloud Room," a delightful hall into which the Auger-Hole conducts. The ceiling of this apartment is exquisitely wrought into a resemblance of massive snow-white clouds. The beauty of effect under an illumination is quite inconceivable. Leaving the white clouds, the visitor is ushered into an atmosphere no less spiritual. The Bishop's Rostrum, which lies close at hand, represents a pulpit, and is formed of one solid stalagmite of the purest and whitest quality. It is a pity it could not have place in some cathedral more frequented by worshippers, but those who find sermons in stones will be preached to very eloquently from the Bishop's Rostrum.

Another exceedingly interesting and beautiful portion of the cave is called the "Cerulean Vault." The ceiling is high and arched with nature's most wonderful masonry, and the walls are delicately tinged with blue. A variety of halls and avenues succeed, any one of which would separately be a great marvel, and claim the admiration of visitors that pass them now with scarcely more than a glance.

A clear and beautiful fountain is known by the unpoetical name of Crawfish Spring; like the rivers of Mammoth Cave, it is inhabited by a small white eyeless fish. It is customary for visitors to catch and carry away some of these poor creatures as a sacrifice to science.

Immediately above this spring is situated the entrance to Wabash Avenue, which extends considerably further north than any other division. Few persons are ambitious to explore this division to the end, but now and then some individuals more courageous than the rest, have done so. The journey is one of exceeding difficulty, requiring a good deal of climbing, and obliging the explorer for more than a mile to make his way in a posture half double. About a quarter of a mile from the termination of the avenue the roof rises and the journey is comparatively easy and comfortable till the abrupt terminus in a wide and spacious room called Butler's Point.

"I probably stood," says one who has penetrated to this point, "where no mortal

had stood before. I was a discoverer!" His sensation then and there was worth more than he gave for it, no matter at what toil and trouble it was purchased. It is very delightful to be the discoverer of anything; a bird's nest in a currant bush, or a bumble-bee in a holyhock.

The floor of this point is wonderfully smooth, being composed of fine and solid clay. Very beautiful crystals are obtained here, also sulphate of magnesia, fine and soft as hair, together with a species of brilliant rosette formed of curved crystals of gypsum, and denominated in unscientific phrase, "curled leaf-stone."

The exploration may be varied and lengthened, by excursions into modest side caves and winding passages, to almost any extent required by the disposition of the visitor, but the most eager curiosity is apt to be gratified by the most obvious and easily-accessible splendors.

There are stony islands, surrounded by caves instead of water, rugged hills, rocky passes, dry beds of vanished streams, and level plains thickly covered with nitrous earth, to diversify and beautify the journey; but care must be taken of the lights, and one auspicious eye should keep the guide in view, for there is a good deal of danger, especially in the winding and less frequented ways, of getting lost, an experience which seems to have operated upon wise men and simpletons in pretty nearly the same fashion.

A curious and interesting anecdote is related of a gentleman who once had the misfortune of getting lost in this cave. His bewilderment continued for just twenty hours. In process of time his light expired, and as some sort of solace and company, the thought occurred to him to wind up his watch once in twenty-four hours. This he did agreeably to his best judgment, which was no less than five times during his dark wanderings, thus lengthening out his twenty hours into five days. If time drags the darkness and silence thus heavily, from ever being lost good Lord deliver us!

To be seated on some marble slab, four hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, with the knowledge that it is likely to be one's tombstone without so much as name or date spelled by the unlettered muse engraven upon it, is not very well calculated to put sweet quills into the flagging wings of the hours. A moonlit

summer night, or a bright winter fire-side, is, after all, the best place for philosophizing.

The southern branch of the cave is less interesting than the northern, but is, nevertheless, sufficiently rich in curiosities to compensate for the trouble of an exploration. The first demand upon the attention made upon entering is by the Dining-Room, and adjoining this fine hall, and closely resembling it, is the Drawing-Room. Both those rooms are large and regular in shape, and overhung with ceilings as flat and smoothly finished as a plasterer could have made. Directly beyond these apartments the cave divides again, and the two branches pursue separate courses for about a mile, when they unite, and thus encircle what is called the continent. In this neighborhood is situated what is called the Wyandot's Grand Council-Room, an apartment sufficiently ample to accommodate the whole tribe, as it seems, while the vast dimensions stretch themselves away and away through deep and deeper twilights, and finally into everlasting night. The ceiling is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and adorned with many beautiful stalactical formations. To enable this council chamber to do anything like justice to itself a grand illumination is required.

Rising immediately beyond this is a rough and toilsome ascent, called the Hill of Science, and this conducts to a splendid amphitheater known as the "Hall of Representatives." This is scarcely less than the Grand Dome, and were it not for that, would challenge our highest admiration. A wilderness of wild and curious scenery lies about the hall, peopled with various fantastic creatures. Among them are two rocky formations bearing the names of Alligator and Hippopotamus, from the likeness they bear to those animals.

The Throne is elaborated with nature's most exquisite nicety, and is formed of stalactites, which are interwoven with one another in the most graceful curves, uniting their delicate leafy points so as to form a very elegant canopy, while stalagmites rise from below in more solid masses, so as to constitute the body of the throne.

The base is encircled with an ornamental fringe of drooping leaves, while

the sides are decorated with roses and lilies sculptured in the purest white. No monarch in the world has so fine a throne. It is approached, like other thrones, by a very slippery way; but it is water, and not blood that intercepts the access. The chair of state is large enough to accommodate two persons very comfortably, and no visitor passes by without sitting down, and, in imagination, for a few minutes at least, crowning himself right royally.

Passing over a mile, in which space no very wonderful wonder presents itself, the eye becomes suddenly dazzled by the Diamond Avenue, an alley having its walls lined and its floor covered with a profusion of lustrous crystals shaming all displays of princely magnificence that were ever seen. These crystals assume the most wonderfully curious shapes, to account for which mineralogists have essayed their powers in vain.

Every kind of flower has here its gorgeous representation, and likenesses of grapes lie in rich clusters half hidden among heaps of foliage. Beyond this garden of wonderful mimicry is situated the Flint Pit, where are to be seen, lying far down, shining black masses of hornstone. Near this pit is the Sieve, through which in rainy weather the water is sifted in great abundance.

A few rods further, Hovey's Point, the southern termination of the cave, is reached. To gain this point the explorer, it is supposed, passes under the Great Blue River, and approaches very nearly to the Ohio itself. It has been suggested, and it seems not improbable, that the Wyandot Cave may continue by some unknown passage, in a southern direction, until it connects with the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The idea seems far from preposterous to those persons who have traveled miles and miles through the silent regions of the cave world. "We soon acquire the feeling," says one who has thus journeyed, "having been checked at many points, and yet having pursued our way for miles beyond, that there is no point at which we may safely say, Lo! the end."

The Fairy Grotto, Neptune's Retreat, and Hermit's Cell are all points of interest deserving more than mere mention; but the limits of our article will not allow us to do more than indicate the most special wonders.

"The Sepulcher," so suggestive of the condition to which we must all come at last, compels our serious attention. It is a huge tomb of rock, and from the great roof, forty feet in height, magnificent folds of stony drapery descend to within a few feet of the floor. The grandeur and gloom of the effect cannot be written or told.

Purgatory is situated in the vicinity of the Sepulcher, and the path that leads to it is a contradiction of the celebrated line,

"Broad is the road that leads to death,"

the roof above it being not more than three feet high, and obliging the traveler almost to crawl. But the dismal and purgatorial aspects of the place are an overpayment for all trouble to those who take pleasure in contemplating the sublime and terrible.

The Pillared Palace is a glorious contrast to its somber neighbor. It is a hall of great breadth, but the ceiling is not of corresponding height, though of indescribable beauty. The stalactites reach down from the ceiling, and twine their snowy arms about the stalagmites rising up from the floor to meet them; thus are formed the most graceful supports imaginable to the ponderous roof above.

Both stalactites and stalagmites are ornamented with exquisite formations of leaves, flowers, and grapes, the latter hanging in clusters, and being deliciously purple.

When we are reminded of these nearly unheard-of wonders, it seems almost a pity that they should have been placed "in the bowels of the harmless earth," where all their beauty and sublimity must forever remain unseen and unappreciated, except now and then by a single individual. But, perhaps, after all, one of their chief charms is their novelty, and, dragged up into the sunshine, who knows but that they would shortly become "as bald and tawdry as a singed moth."

How "use doth breed a habit in a man," is strikingly illustrated by the passing of a day in the Wyandot Cave. The air, on coming out, even after sunset, seems oppressive and hot, almost suffocating, in fact, and you can scarcely believe it has not undergone some debilitating change, after thus breathing for a few hours the exhilarating atmosphere of the subterranean world.

### TURKEY—HER REFORMS AND FUTURE DESTINY.

THERE is, perhaps, no question, at the present day, of more interest to the Christian world than the present condition and future prospects of the Ottoman empire. But a few short months ago, and the nations of Europe were contending in deadly strife for the possession of this degenerated country. All Europe was rocking and heaving like a ship on a tempestuous ocean. Every gale which swept across the Atlantic brought to our ears the clarion sounds of battle. The mighty Czar had again sought battle with the swarthy Turk. He would scatter desolation on one of the fairest climes of earth, and crush beneath its ruins the last hopes of the brilliant race of Othman.

It is not our intention to trace the history and progress of the late war, but rather to review the reforms of Turkey, and to show their origin, extent, and influence on her future destiny.

The first great reform attempted was the reconstruction of the military forces on the European method of discipline by the wise and ill-fated Selim. He saw that the empire was fast decaying, and that there was need for immediate action. The then military forces, the Janizaries, had been for centuries the great strength of the empire. They were originally formed from Christians. Every third year a levy was made on the Christian children found within the nation. The noblest portion of them were forcibly taken, educated in the Mohammedan religion, and disciplined for the Turkish army. By this rigid discipline in religion and the arts of war, they lost all regard for their parents and religion, and became strongly attached to the sultan and his faith. His interests were theirs; to him they looked for honor, wealth, and preferment. They became, like the ancient Prætorian Guard of Rome, invincible. Wherever they went they carried the Turkish banners of glory and conquest; but this once powerful band had become degenerated. Jews, pagans, and criminals were now the recruits of this chosen band. That which was once the pride and prop of the crescent had become its disgrace, its curse; for while they ruled the empire, they had become utterly useless for its defense. They brought into

the field no appurtenance of a soldier, but the gaudy trappings of barbaric magnificence.

The sultan who should reform them, remodel his army, and reduce it to discipline, would at once free himself from subjection to a rabble and be entitled to the gratitude of the nation. It was a dangerous undertaking! To interfere with the customary pleasures and privileges of the Janizaries had cost more than one sultan his head.

Selim saw the absolute necessity for reform; attempted it; was dethroned, and murdered. Mahmoud II., the pupil and cousin of Selim, came to the throne imbued with the spirit of reform. He had sworn to Selim, when they were in prison together, to effect the regeneration of this body, or utterly to destroy them. He soon discovered that the more perfect organization of Turkey could not be accomplished while they existed, and he determined to annihilate them. Taking wisdom from the fate of Selim, he acted more cautiously. He re-organized the Janizaries, and at the same time created many entirely new companies; but the Janizaries, opposed as they were to reform and innovation, soon became jealous and discontented.

On the thirteenth of June, 1825, they revolted, killed their chief, and proclaimed throughout Constantinople and the surrounding country that every Janizary should immediately repair to their barracks, which were situated around the square of Atmiedon, in the very heart of the city.

In the meantime, the sultan had called together his newly formed troops, among whom were several companies of artillery, and marched with them in person to the square where the Janizaries were assembled. The customary prayers in times of trouble were put up, and the sacred standard of Mohammed brought forth from the treasury, a summons to all true believers to arm in defense of the religion of the Prophet. Proclamations were issued, calling together all defenders of the faith. Thousands flocked to the assistance of the sultan. The same appeal was thrice addressed to the Janizaries; three times they rejected the sacred summons. The sultan then pronounced a curse and sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janizary body. A general attack on the Jan-

izaries began, who, cooped up in the narrow streets, were mowed down by grape shot, dispatched by the muskets of their enemies, or burned in their barracks.

About twenty-five thousand of them perished by the sword and flame. From that day they were totally annihilated, and thus perished the remnant of a band that had once been the terror of nations and the main support of the Turkish empire.

What had been deemed utterly impracticable was in part accomplished; the bulwarks to barbarism and abuse, the opponents to reform, were crushed beneath the iron heel of Mahmoud. The Prætorian band was no more; they had expiated the sins of their order. The name of Janizary was no longer a rallying word to impunity, but a sound accursed.

This was the great lever of regeneration for Turkey, and though no one can justify the sultan in this butchery, still it is difficult to say what other course was left for the preservation of the empire.

Mahmoud then organized his new troops. In a single year an army was raised, disciplined in modern European tactics, sufficient for the protection of the country. He then made laws for remedying the corruption of the courts of justice, and the vices of the other branches of the administration. Bribery was denounced; extortion and violence punished. He encouraged trade; gave more freedom of religion to the other sects, and is fairly entitled to the name of the great reformer. His was no common task to introduce among a fanatic, semi-barbarous nation customs which they utterly disliked. Among the many brilliant names which adorn the page of history, few stand forth more conspicuous than that of the illustrious Mahmoud II.

The reforms of the present sultan are of not less importance to the future welfare of the empire. Schools have been established, bigotry softened down, commerce increased, and the Christian placed on a par with the Mussulman. But the principal reform of Abdel Medjid has been the confiscation of the vast possessions of the mosques, which were spiritual corporations exercising nearly the whole control of the nation. The insecurity of property had caused the Turkish land owners to assign over to them their property, reserving only the interest to themselves and descendants. The land thus

held by the mosques became perpetually inherent in them, and comprised two thirds of the soil. To dispossess them of this vast amount of land, which they had held for centuries, both by legal usage and religious veneration, to assume the direct authority of the sultan over them, to defy the power of Ulemas, was a daring measure. He saw that it was necessary for the well being of the country.

Every Christian nation has undergone the same change at some time during its history. England confiscated the property of the monasteries and assumed control over them. The present sultan has done the same thing for Turkey, and its benefit cannot be immediately appreciated. He has restored to the common uses of society the vast property of the mosques, which the rapacity and superstition of former ages had placed under their control. What vast changes for a country enveloped in the darkness of superstition and ignorance! The events of the past few years have proved conclusively that the reforms are beginning to be effective in Turkey. Her patriotism has been aroused, and we have seen Christian and Mussulman united to defend their common country and keep off the invader. But it is not alone to the military and civil reforms that we are to look for her future strength and independence, but to the religious changes which have been taking place during the last ten years, and which are now at work. American and British missionaries have met with great success; thousands have been converted from their ancient systems of superstition and fanaticism to Christianity. The light of truth is beginning to dawn upon them; the great teachings of the Bible have become diffused among them, and they are beginning to draw from its inspired pages elevating and ennobling precepts. Though as yet the converted Protestants are but few in proportion to the other denominations, still they are by far the most active element; they are fast spreading, especially among the Armenians, and that whole race who comprise the more active and intelligent portion of the Turkish people will soon have become evangelical and Protestant. What can we not then hope for Turkey? Give her a few years more under the present organization, and Turkey will have become a Christian land.

The religious element of the dominant



government is Mohammedan. It cannot remain thus; it is weak, and must give way to the Gospel. Christianity will again become the religion of the East, and her banners, which have been for thousands of years licking the dust, will again be unfurled and float triumphantly over the walls of Byzantium. How futile is the argument that these reforms have not met with the expected success! What shall we say of reforms of all kinds? Can they be consummated in an hour or a day? Turkey has made greater strides during the last few years, in social and political improvement, through religious fanaticism and foul corruption, than Russia or any other European nation. But how can it be expected, before one generation has passed away, that these reforms should have met with entire success?

Let Turkey become more enlightened, the opportunities of learning increase, a more thorough intercourse with other nations be established, the Christian religion gain a firmer foothold, and she will become one of the most powerful nations of the earth. She has all the elements and advantages of a great nation: her maritime position is unsurpassed; her possessions vast; her capital, Constantinople, the natural center of commercial Europe. The ambitious Czar perceived that the reforms were fast regenerating her; he had foreseen her destiny and quaked with fear at her future power. It was liberalized, Christianized Turkey he dreaded; not the Turkey of Janizaries and sultans. His ambitious design of making Constantinople the seat of the Greek Church, and himself its supreme head and ruler, had to be accomplished soon or never.

Religious liberty had been made the pretext for his quarrel, when the very thing for which he fought was unknown in his own dominions.

Had this ambitious Augustus been permitted to carry his arms triumphant over Turkey, all hopes for her would have been gone; her reforms would have been overthrown, and she would have relapsed into a state of barbarism worse than ever before. Religious liberty would have been crushed, and all would have bent in suppliance to the Greek Church. But the great Ruler of nations had otherwise ordained. England and France, true to themselves, true to the cause of oppressed humanity, united in her defense, and de-

termined that the Russian flag should *never* wave triumphantly over the seven hills of Constantinople. And well might they dread to see the Russian autocrat trample on the Turkish sultan; for if once his power had been planted there, where would his desire for conquest have ended? The possession of Turkey would have been the key to the conquest of all Europe. But God, the supreme Lord and Sovereign, who, in his great wisdom and for his own ends, ordains the fate of kings and the duration of nations, had determined that Turkey should not fall, but by the assistance of powerful allies, and with the sympathies of the world, should come out of the struggle victorious; a harbinger of her future success and position among the nations.

#### THE DYING MAN AND THE DOLLAR.

THE writer of the following sketch is in his grave. He died, in utter abandonment, in the city of Philadelphia, some three years ago. Those who knew *George Lippard*, while they lament his fate and drop a tear to his memory, will read this sketch with interest; and, equally with those who knew him not, may derive from it something more, we trust, than mere amusement.

o o o o o o o o

They brought him a dollar.

He took it and clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed on it long and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with the hand-book in his hand, when death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and, lean and gaunt, he sat up in his bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs, and carpets, and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicate the pattern of avarice. As he sat up in bed with his neck bared, and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face—he looked like a ghost. And there his life was centered in the dollar which he gripped in his clinched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat by the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he'll make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eye was upon the dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this state; copper mines on the Lakes somewhere; he had gold on interest in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks—he owned stock of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay. He knew but one crime—to be in debt without the power to pay. He knew but one virtue—to get money. That crime he had never forgotten—this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon the silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars which he wrung from the

tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heels, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clinched hand.

O! holy dollar, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother, and son, and lawyer muttering, and sometimes wrangling, beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth, and satin.

He came and said his prayers—decorously and in measured words, but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the dollar.

"Can't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with a golden clasp from a marble table. And he read:

"And I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

"Who said these words—who—who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clinched the dollar at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church. Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted:

"And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preach-

ed to us, and never said one word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth!"

"And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was, perchance, terrified by the very dying look of his parishioner. Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation.

And with the dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel, of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been ingrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes, and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased, by the preacher.

There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace, where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And in the grave the dead hand still clinched the dollar.

## BATTLE WITH A LIONESS.

THE following graphic description of the manner in which the African sometimes encounters the lion, we copy from Captain Mayne Reid's last book, "The Young Yagers." Congo is a Kaffir, a servant to the Young Yagers—a splendid specimen of the Kaffir race.

Congo had now become an object of as great interest as in the morning. Greater in fact, for the new danger he was about to undergo—a combat with an enraged lioness—was accounted still greater than that of fording the Gareep, and the interest was in proportion. With eager eyes the young yagers stood watching him as he prepared himself for the encounter.

He was but a short while in getting ready. He was seen to enter the Van Wyk wagon, and in less than three minutes came out again fully armed and equipped. The lioness would not have long to wait for her assailant.

The equipment of the Kaffir must needs be described.

It was simple enough, though odd to a stranger's eye. It was neither more nor less than the equipment of a Zooloo warrior. In his right hand he held a bunch of *assegai*s; in all six of them.

What is an "assegai?"

It is a straight lance or spear, though not to be used as one. It is smaller than either of these weapons, shorter and more slender in the shaft, but like them armed with an iron head of arrow-shape. In battle it is not retained in the hand, but flung at the enemy, often from a considerable distance. It is, in short, a "javelin," or "dart," such as was used in Europe before fire-arms became known, and such as at present forms the war weapon of all the savage tribes of Southern Africa, but especially those of the Kaffir nations. And well know they how to project this dangerous missile. At the distance of a hundred yards they will send it with a force as great, and an aim as unerring as either bullet or arrow! The *assegai* is flung by a single arm. Of these javelins Congo carried six, spanning their slender shafts with his long, muscular fingers.

The *assegai*s were not the oddest part of his equipment. That was a remarkable thing which he bore on his left arm. It was of oval form, full six feet in length by about three in width, concave on the side

toward his body, and equally convex on the opposite. More than anything else did it resemble a small boat or canoe made of skins stretched over a framework of wood, and of such materials was it constructed. It was, in fact, a shield—a Zooloo shield—though of somewhat larger dimensions than those used in war. Notwithstanding its great size, it was far from clumsy, but light, tight, and firm—so much so that arrow, assegai, or bullet would have glanced off as from a plate of steel.

A pair of strong bands fastened inside along the bottom enabled the wearer to move it about at will; and placed upright, with its lower end resting upon the ground, it would have sheltered the body of the tallest man. It sheltered that of Congo.

Without another word he walked out, the huge *carapace* on his left arm, five of the assegais clutched in his left hand, while one that he had chosen for the first throw he held in his right, grasped near the middle, and carried upon the balance.

No change had taken place in the situation of affairs out upon the plain. The lioness was still roaming about, uttering her frightful screams. The hyenas were still there. The moment the Kaffir approached, the cowardly hyenas fled with a howl, and disappeared under the bosch.

Far other with the lioness. She seemed to pay no regard to the approach of the hunter. Her attention was absorbed by the mass of bodies upon the plain. She yelled her savage notes as she regarded them. She was no doubt lamenting the fate of her grim and swarthy partner, that lay dead before her eyes. At all events, she did not seem to notice the hunter until he had got within twenty paces of the spot!

At that distance the Kaffir halted, rested his huge shield upon the ground—still holding it erect—poised the assegai a moment in his right hand, and then sent it whizzing through the air.

It pierced the side of the tawny brute, and hung quivering between her ribs. Only for a moment. The fierce animal doubled round upon herself, caught the shaft in her teeth, and broke it off as if it had been a straw!

The blade of the assegai still remained in the flesh, but the lioness waited no longer. She had now perceived her enemy; and, uttering a vengeful scream, she sprang toward him. With one tremendous bound, she cleared three fourths

of the space that lay between them, and a second would have carried her upon the shoulders of the Kaffir; but the latter was prepared to receive her, and, as she rose to her second leap, he disappeared suddenly from the scene! As if by magic he had vanished; and had not the boys been watching his every movement, they would have been at a loss to know what had become of him. But they knew that under that oval convex form lay Congo the Kaffir. There lay he, like a tortoise in its shell, clutching the straps with all his might, and pressing his *carapace* firmly against the ground!

The lioness was more astonished than the spectators. At the second leap she pitched right down upon the shield, but the drum-like noise made by her weight, and the hard, firm substance encountered by her claws, quite disconcerted her, and springing aside, she stood gazing at the odd object with looks of alarm!

She stood but for a moment, and then uttering a savage growl of disappointment, turned tail upon it, and trotted off!

This growl guided Congo. The shield was raised from the ground—only on one side, and but a very little way at first—just enough to enable the hunter to see the stern of the retreating lioness.

Then the Kaffir rose quickly to his feet, and holding the shield erect, prepared for the casting of a second assegai.

This was quickly thrown, and pierced the animal in the flank, where shaft and all remained sticking in the flesh. The lioness turned with redoubled fury, once more charged upon her assailant, and, as before, was met by the hard convex surface of the shield. This time she did not immediately retreat, but stood menacing the strange object, striking it with her hoofs, and endeavoring to turn it over.

Now was the moment of peril for Congo. Had the lioness succeeded in making a capsize, it would have been all up with him, poor fellow! But he knew the danger, and with one hand clutching the leathern straps, and the other bearing upon the edge of the frame, he was able to hold firm and close—closer even “than a barnacle to a ship’s copper.”

After venting her rage in several impotent attacks to break or overturn the *carapace*, the lioness at length went growling away toward her former position.

Her growls, as before, guided the actions

of Congo. He was soon upon his feet, another assegai whistled through the air, and pierced the neck of the lioness.

But, as before, the wound was not fatal, and the animal, now enraged to a phrensy, charged once more upon her assailant. So rapid was her advance that it was with great difficulty Congo got under cover. A moment later, and his *ruse* would have failed, for the claws of the lioness rattled upon the shield as it descended.

He succeeded, however, in planting himself firmly, and was once more safe under the thick buffalo hide. The lioness now howled with disappointed rage; and, after some fruitless endeavors to upset the shield, she once more desisted. This time, however, instead of going away, the angry brute kept pacing round and round, and at length *lay down within three feet of the spot*. Congo was besieged!

The boys saw at a glance that Congo was a captive. The look of the lioness told them this. Though she was several hundred yards off, they could see that she wore an air of determination, and was not likely to depart without having her revenge. There could be no question about it—the Kafir was in “a scrape.”

Should the lioness remain, how was he to get out of it? He could not escape by any means. To raise the shield would be to tempt the fierce brute upon him.

Notwithstanding the danger, there was something ludicrous in the situation in which the Kafir was placed; and the young hunters, though anxious about the result, could scarce keep from laughter, as they looked forth upon the plain.

There lay the lioness within three feet of the shield, regarding it with fixed and glaring eyes, and at intervals uttering her savage growls. There lay the oval form, with Congo beneath, motionless and silent. A strange pair of adversaries, indeed!

Long time the lioness kept her close vigil, scarce moving her body from its crouching attitude. Her tail only vibrated from side to side, and the muscles of her jaws quivered with subdued rage. The boys shouted repeatedly to warn Congo. They might have spared their breath. The cunning Kafir knew as well as they the position of his enemy. Her growls, as well as her loud breathing, kept him admonished of her whereabouts; and he well understood how to act under the circumstances.

For a full half hour this singular scene continued; and as the lioness showed no signs of deserting her post, the young yagers at length determined upon an attack, or, at all events, a feint that would draw her off.

It was close upon sunset, and, should night come down, what would become of Congo? In the darkness he might be destroyed. He might relax his watchfulness, or go to sleep, and then his relentless enemy would have the advantage.

Something must be done to release him from his narrow prison, and at once. They had saddled and mounted their horses, and were about to ride forth, when the sharp-eyed Hans noticed that the lioness was much further off from the shield than when he last looked that way. And yet she had not moved—at all events, no one had seen her stir—and she was still in the very same attitude! How then?

“Ha! look yonder! the shield is moving!”

Sure enough it was moving. Slowly and gradually it seemed to glide along the ground, like a huge tortoise, though its edges remained close to the surface. Although impelled by no visible power, all understood what this motion meant—Congo was the moving power!

The yagers held their bridles firm, and sat watching with breathless interest.

In a few minutes more the shield moved full ten paces from the crouching lioness. The latter seemed not to notice this change in the relative position of herself and her cunning adversary. If she did, she beheld it rather with feelings of curiosity or wonder than otherwise. At all events, she kept her post until the curious object had gone a wide distance from her.

She might not have suffered it to go much further; but it was now far enough for her adversary's purpose, for the shield suddenly became erect, and the Kafir sent another assegai whirling from his hand.

It was the fatal shaft. The lioness chanced to be crouching broadside toward the hunter. His aim was true, and the barbed iron pierced through her heart. A short growl, that was soon stifled—a short struggle, that soon ended, and the mighty brute lay motionless in the dust!

A loud “Hurrah!” came from the camp, and the young yagers now galloped forth, and congratulated Congo upon the successful result of his perilous conflict.



## SCRIPTURAL GEOLOGY.

**T**HERE are three distinct theories relative to the creation of our world. One teaches that at an indefinitely remote period of time the original matter of our globe existed in a chaotic state, and was gradually brought to solidity and form by the joint action of water and heat; that it passed through many destructive revolutions, during which successive generations of animals were destroyed, and their remains fossilized in the several strata, as now discovered by their organic remains; each succeeding catastrophe preparing the earth for more perfect and fuller organized beings, until it was rendered suitable for the residence of man.

The second school of theorists contend that by the six days mentioned in the account of the creation, we are to understand six thousand years, which length of time it is supposed was sufficient for the formation of the earth's strata, and that all geological facts, with all animal and vegetable existences, can be best accounted for on this supposition, one day being, as they tell us, as a thousand years with the Lord, and a thousand years as one day.

The third theory is that the world, with all its animal and vegetable substances, and all the vast arrangement of coincident organization, was called into existence by the "word of God" in six literal days; and destroyed and reorganized at the Deluge, by God's superintending power.

In support of this theory we offer a few facts and arguments, which we think consonant to and confirmatory of the book of revelation; and in doing so, we shall state our ideas of the process of creation in conformity to the Mosaic account, and of the original arrangement of the strata, so as to account, naturally and philosophically, and in harmony, with the present appearance of geological facts, for the alterations which have occurred as the result of the Noachian Deluge.

The principal point in dispute, and the one the understanding of which seems to separate more distinctly the different schools of Christian philosophers, is the duration of time to be included in the six days. The meaning of the phrase we suppose to be clearly indicated by the wording and evident connection of the fourth commandment, in the decalogue, which all admit to be but the revival of a command

coeval with the creation of man. In this command it is required that man should dedicate a seventh part of his time in each week to the service of God and the rest of his soul and body, in commemoration of the rest which God established in the cessation of his creative acts, at the moment when he had finished his work and pronounced it very good, and when "the morning stars sang for joy." The time originally instituted must have been the same subsequently confirmed and especially defined when Israel was told that "from evening to evening shall be your Sabbath," that is, a period of twenty-four hours; and if the seventh day, or day of rest, was of the length of twenty-four hours, it necessarily follows that all the previous ones were of the same duration, and this cannot be at all inconsistent either with the nature of God or of matter, or of the present appearance of the earth. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." "He spake, and it was done. He commanded, and it stood fast." "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear;" or, as we understand it, of preëxistent matter. It is surely more in harmony with these and similar passages to believe that God called all matter into being in succession out of nothing, and arranged it according to his own will for the purposes for which it was intended, than to conceive that it required any duration of time in which it was necessary for the Almighty to "work his sovereign will," in order to manifest his wisdom and power.

Close reflection on the subject must, we think, satisfy those who weigh it candidly, that it is in no small degree derogatory to the character of the Divine Creator to suppose that he should, without sufficient and weighty reasons, proceed in the mode which the advocates for a gradual creation describe. Besides the express declaration that he "created," (a term of much more limited import than these persons are disposed to concede,) it must be apparent, that as, according to the evident economy of the Divine government, every arrangement is for the benefit or punishment of intelligent creatures, he cannot be supposed to form any creature for the mere purpose of animal life and enjoyment; for however

full and minute the instances of it may be in this world, it is surely a sufficient reason that they were necessary to develop fully to man the wisdom and power of his Maker, and to confirm him in that humble reliance upon both to which Revelation points and leads him, and therefore to imagine that successive ages of the creation of beings occurred, to which no other properties are assigned than animal life and enjoyment, must certainly appear as an exercise of creative power without apparent reason or design. They are not, however, represented as necessarily connected with the organization of the strata, but living in it while in a pulpy, semi-indurated state; a condition, by the by, which could neither be conducive to life nor enjoyment, and one which still further stamps the idea with a degree of improbability and puerility, from which no arrangement of fossiliferous remains can free it.

We conceive that God called the elements and substances of this world into existence from previous vacuum, expressed by the words, "the Spirit of God moved upon the waters," or fluids; and, at the same moment, that subtle, ethereal fluid, termed light, the properties of which are not yet fully understood, assigning it a distinctive character as the index of night and day. The next creative act appears to have been the formation of those gases which, by their elasticity and pressure, separate the waters on the surface from those above the earth, and which are necessary to the development of light and heat. By the same command the particles of earth were gathered together, and the molecules of water made to cohere and arrange themselves in their proper position.

The earth thus prepared for its garniture, was by the Divine fiat instantly clothed with appropriate verdure: trees, plants, shrubs, and fruit, in their perfect condition; and thus was completed the labor of the third day. The Almighty, we suppose, then placed those bright orbs which surround our world in their spheres and positions, not for habitation, as we conceive, but for the purpose expressed in the Mosaic account, to give, by the action of their rays on the already formed ethereal fluids, that light and heat the earth and its clothing needed, and for a constant celestial exhibition of Jehovah's wisdom and power, which should forever baffle the keenest search of man's scientific ken, and

thus hide pride from him in the contemplation of God's wonderful works! Some ground for the modern geologist's theory of a gradual succession of animal being is certainly exhibited in the account of the formation of living beings, the fish of the sea and rivers, which are the lowest in the scale of creation, with the winged inhabitants of the air, being the first to occupy the now prepared waters and sky, but there is no inconsistency, either physical, logical, philosophical, or Scriptural, in supposing that their formation was but the work of twenty-four hours, instead of a succession of years or ages, for the one is as easy to the Almighty as the other. The mammalia, reptilia, and insecta, were then in like manner brought into existence and made ready for the service of man, who, as the most important inhabitant, was last created; and as he came into existence a perfect being of a superior order, we must believe that everything surrounding him was perfect, for it is positively stated that it was "very good," which could not be predicated of the state of the earth, as some geologists describe it, at the period of man's creation, for then, according to their showing, it was "very bad;" a disorganized mass of matter, the wreck of former worlds. It is more likely, however, we think, that the Almighty arranged the materials of our world so that their specific gravities should poise the earth on a true center, and cause it to revolve in equatorial equilibrium in its orbit, for there are several circumstances which lead to the belief that previous to the Noachian Deluge there were neither high mountains nor rain, and the present geographical structure seems also to sanction the probability that the sea was collected in two polar basins. The effects would be, that the equatorial rays of the sun would be more extensively refracted by the denser atmosphere, while the heat would be mitigated by cool vapors from the polar oceans, and the need of rain thus supplied by heavy, refreshing dews, with which, we are informed, God at first watered the earth. If there were any extensive elevations, one may suppose their ranges to have been under the equator, by which the general climate of the earth would be rendered more equable and vegetation flourish to an immense extent. These ranges were, doubtless, also diversified by pleasing undulations, and probably some eminences,

but the whole scene was changed by the Deluge, which we conceive the only agent employed in that disturbance of the earth's strata which gives birth to the science of geology. The object of that dreadful catastrophe appears to have been the removal of the guilty race of daring rebels from the surface of the earth; and such an alteration in its surface and climates as should impose severer toil and greater privations on the human race, and so far separate them by continents and islands, as to prevent any such future exhibitions of pride and luxury on the one hand, and bloody and devastating wars, despotisms, and crime, unchecked by circumstances interposing a barrier between him and his lusts on the other.

The alteration of the climates consequent upon the deluge curtailed also the period of human existence, and affected the population and intercourse of mankind, for, as we suppose, that previous to that event the earth was without polar declination, and consequently under the constant influence of an equatorial sun, its climate was equable and its atmosphere salubrious, promotive of human vigor and longevity; because unaffected by extreme moisture or cold, or deranged by local miasma or insalubrity.

We suppose, then, the earth to have been composed originally of matter in a pure state, arranged agreeably to the specific gravity of its elements, and forming a solid body covered with a deep, rich layer of soil, on which a luxuriant and abundant vegetation was continually developing its beauties and fruits for the sustenance of men and animals, mingled, it is true, with noxious plants equally prolific as a curse and punishment of its guilty inhabitants. Had the mere destruction of the then race of men been the sole object of the Deluge, God might doubtless have accomplished it by means which should not at all have affected the organization of the globe. He might have swept them off by the pestilential breath of a destroying angel, leaving only Noah and his family to re-people the earth; but the circumstances of the climate and fertility of the earth appear to have been too favorable to the development of that sin of man's carnal nature, which caused the Almighty to declare "that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," for indolence, pride, and luxury,

arising from the facility with which his wants were supplied, had so strengthened his evil desires and habits that he had forgotten his Maker and deified himself.

It became necessary, then, by that process upon which the Divine mind determined to re-arrange the matter of the earth so as, by materially altering its condition, through the elevating its mountains and depressing its oceanic basins, to make it difficult for man ever after to obtain the supply of his wants independent of continued labor, or to live long without the casualty of impaired health, or to obtain free and unrestricted intercourse with his neighbor without risk and difficulty. Whoever takes a glance at the geographical lines of the present earth, and connects them with the subsequent history of the human race, must feel convinced that not only was the general alteration in the earth's surface thus made subservient to the Almighty's high behests, but even its minutest outlines and strata so controlled as to be applied to important purposes in the developments of his plans of providence and grace in reference to nations and individuals. Who does not observe the control of Infinite Wisdom in the arrangement of that mysterious desert through which God's own people were to pass, and in which they were to be sustained for upward of forty years while on their journey to the land promised to their fathers, as an evident type of God's more mysterious and important control over and sustenance of his people in their journey through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan?

Who cannot perceive a reason for the northern contiguity of the Old and New Worlds, preparing the latter for the reception of the redundant population of the former, and the depression of those immense interior basins which constitute the great chain of grand lakes and rivers that characterize its surface, and which correspond to others in the Old World of different construction, but evidently for similar purposes? The river and mountain barriers of nations, on the same principle of omniscience and prescience, may be seen as a part of the Divine plan in re-arranging the earth's strata preparatory to the occupation and operations of men, and thus presenting a strong objection to that process of reasoning which would ascribe such circumstances to secondary and for-

tuitous causes, and represent the Almighty as continually organizing and destroying his works, and capriciously adapting them to man's philosophic theories. The elevation of high mountain ranges in the midst of great continents was evidently designed to form them into large refrigerators and condensers, in order to mitigate the heats of equatorial tropical climes, and to irrigate the surrounding valleys by the rains which they condense. We suppose, then, the world was originally constructed in layers of matter of different specific gravities, increasing in weight to the center, and corresponding to that general gravity which astronomers ascribe to it in measuring its attraction.

By the Deluge the race of sinful men were to be totally destroyed, with the numerous animals and birds, and the luxuriant vegetation and fruits which had conspired to gratify his lusts and feed his vices, and swept away with a flood of waters, by which also the crust and climate of the earth were to be altered so as to render the toil of labor more severe and the changes of climate greater in that stricter state of probation to which man was subsequently to be subjected. We suppose this flood to have been effected not only by the descent of continued rain during the period stated, but by the eruption and elevation of a large portion of the ocean through the gases which would be generated in the process, and which, like gas admitted into a large pneumatic trough, causing it to overflow, would increase the elevation and affect the dissolved debris into which it would mingle. These gases would be at once created by the introduction of the descending rain and the swelling rivers through chasms opened in the earth's surface to the minerals which are the basis of the alkalies and earth, the admission to which, it is well known, would create, by their rapid chemical affinity for oxygen, a heat which would be sufficiently powerful and extensive to decompose the hardest primitive substances, and so saturate the risen mass of waters as to form at once those mighty masses of crystallization which are found in the granitic peaks of the Alps, the Himalayas, and the Andes. These, in their eruption and elevation, would throw aside, by the action of the consequent ebullition and wash of water, all the destroyed an-

imals and vegetation surrounding them to a great distance from their locality, accounting, as we apprehend, for those specimens of tropical animals and vegetation found in the north polar regions and elsewhere. A mighty laboratory would thus be created of amazing and extensive power, which would destroy, alter, or modify all the bodies with which it came in contact, and in its throes and discharges cause many of those affections which are perceived in the trap and other formations succeeding the primitive.

After mingling the elements of granite and gneiss, these chemical agents would exert their influence upon the formation of basalt, schist, and also pure sandstone, and having spent their most powerful explosions upon these descriptions of matter, would operate in the construction of the oolitic and cretan rocks, mingling in their composition those grains of matter which originate their name, and those modules of flint or oxide of silicon which occur therein. Following eruptions of the gaseous forces we suppose to have been employed, together with the influence of the sulphurous and gaseous acids which they would necessarily generate to decompose the surrounding vegetable and animal substances, and either mingle them in the masses of the debris of lime and sandstone, or keep them in distinct masses of disorganized matter. The quantities of gaseous vapor evolved would, where it entered into the debris of lime and sandstone while in its pulpy and semi-fluid state, be retained, and form hollows or chambers of corresponding size and structure, and when the whole of that awful and extensive catastrophe was completed, and the swollen and universal waters began to subside, then commenced that deposit and subsidence which has left its graphic marks upon the whole of our globe. The subsequent subsidence of the waters and the shrinking of the lower deposits would further carry the debris and loose matters into the valleys and hollows, and where the beds of the large rivers were scooped out by the force with which they rushed toward the gulfs and seas, into which they were finally discharged, and leave on their banks those fertile alluvial plains which now characterize the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile, the Niger, and other large rivers.

The sulphurous acid gases, in violent

operation during the catastrophe, would also destroy the animals and bury them among the debris of decomposed lithium, sandstone, etc., and leave those organized substances which, after the decomposition of their parts and pressure of the surrounding mass, are now the objects of so much speculation. Some of these would be destroyed and submerged at an earlier and some at a later period of the catastrophe, and their submersion would depend upon their contiguity to the mass in which they became imbedded, and the action of ferruginous and petrifying water would then complete their induration, and form those organic remains, at present the objects of geological research. The univalves and some of the lacertæ and reptilia would be nearest the localities in which the first eruptions took place. The smaller mammalia and marine animals would afterward be drawn to the vortex of the eddies which the projection of the secondary ranges of hills would create, and be deposited in the surrounding matter, while the rising waters would greatly add to the quantities of marine substances, which would thus be brought from the polar ocean in its rush to fill the chasm created by the subsidence of the basins of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the elevations of the Eastern and Western Continents.

As the granitic and primitive rocks were drawn up from the depths of the former strata, they would naturally bring up with them those metals which, according to their specific gravity, would lay furthest down, and we might as certainly expect to find them comparatively free from oxydation in the interstices of that formation, and this is precisely the position in which they are now found. Gold, platinum, copper, and lead, are found in eccentric veins in the laminæ of quartz, hornblende, or schist, and not among the deposits of sandstone or tertiary strata. These unoxysized metals are represented by modern geologists as depositions belonging to a period of aqueous infiltration, by which the veins and vesicles were filled after the consolidation of the trap, and as they cannot account for their appearance thus, because it also appears in true veins of the metals and in nuggets or dentritic masses, they endeavor to explain it by ascribing it not to igneous causes, but to electro-chemical agencies decomposing some soluble salt,

although there is an evident want of a conducting surface. Very ingenious plans and sections have been also drawn by modern geologists of strata discovered in one region passing under the intermediate strata, which is represented as superjacent and independent; but as no proofs can be presented of such occurrences, they must be regarded as merely fanciful, and proposed only to build up an adopted hypothesis. Equally ingenious theories have been instituted also to account for the marine deposits and organic remains occurring in some valleys, as by supposing them to have been the beds of former oceans; but these are evidently unnecessary, when it is recollected that even in the earlier stages of the deluge, and during its progress, the whole surface of the world formed the bed of a vast, universal ocean, in which it was quite possible, and more than probable, marine deposits, and their organic remains, would occupy what are now considerable elevations.

As we suppose that after the rupture of the fountains of the great deep the principal and most important changes in the surface of the globe took place, we think the process is pretty clearly pointed out in the facts which are now developed. The peaks of the highest mountains are naked and bare on account of the rapidity with which the waters left them, and took away the floating debris they contained. The subsequent subsidence of the waters would cause the opening of the orifices of those caves which the gases we suppose to have been in operation, had created, and leave the indurated lithic mass in its present state, while the rush of the surface waters into their innermost recesses would carry into them the floating carcasses of animals which would happen to be near, and deposit them on the floors of the cave.

Following the waters in their descent, we should expect that the semi-indurated and deposited matter, as its watery particles evaporated, would shrink toward the lower levels and the earth's center, and this we find to be universally the case. We suppose the coal formations to be the decomposed and carbonated vegetation of the antediluvian world, which, being buried under layers or strata of the debris of surrounding matter, has been in such large masses walled in for the benefit of succeeding ages. If the experiment be tried,



it will be found that wood and vegetation may be carbonated into the very appearance and substance of coal by exposure to the fumes of sulphuric and other acids; and if this be done when the sap vessels are full, they will exhibit all the characteristics of true coal.

Another description of vegetation is found on the surface of the earth, which has given rise to many conjectures and to various theories, but which, we think, may be classed among the geological results of the Noachian deluge. It is the peat, mosses, bogs, or swamps, which occasionally occur; some of them of considerable extent. We suppose them to have been masses of the wreck of the vegetation of the antediluvian world, which have escaped carbonization and submersion, and which, after floating about, but kept together by the whirl and stream of the subsiding waters, have been deposited where they are found, most generally over roots and trunks of the trees to which they had belonged, and including nuts, acorns, and seeds, which show that their destruction occurred when in a state of complete growth and ripeness. Some portions of the subsiding waters would be destitute of alluvial matter; and hence we find on some parts of the surface of the globe, extensive desert wastes, which appear to be left for a later and more refined age to cultivate, or to convert to some useful purpose; but the large mass of lighter alluvial deposit is generally found where we might naturally expect to find it, in the valleys through which large rivers discharge their waters, and on the banks of streams which are their tributaries, or in the glens and cavities of the secondary ranges of hills, which would not have been the case if such deposit had been the result of succeeding generations of strata.

But we are told that organic remains are discovered in some of the strata of mammalia and reptilia which do not at present exist; and that they belong to creatures quite different from the present race. Very possibly; but if we reflect that many of these remains are so distorted by the immense pressure they have endured, and frequently so few and scattered as to represent almost any form the imagination may conjure up, we cannot place implicit confidence in statements based upon such feeble grounds. Then, again, it is not difficult to suppose, that though two of

every species of the animal creation were preserved in the ark, yet that, owing to the scarcity of herbage and plants, which would immediately follow the entire subsidence of the waters, many of the larger kind, in wandering to their peculiar climate, would die and become extinct; and although God had, in order to show that his only controversy was with the human race, preserved them in the ark; yet, because of their unfitness to be cohabitants with man on the newly-arranged earth, he permitted them to become extinct.

It is a favorite theory with some modern geologists, that the center of the earth is one vast mass of fiery matter, which occasionally finds vent in volcanic irruptions, and is the cause of the peculiarly high temperature of the air in mines and caves; but this theory may be shown to be erroneous, from the consideration that, if once the inward fire found vent, its force and heat would so overcome the atmospheric pressure, as to cause so continued a discharge as to exhaust completely the mass of igneous matter. But the heat of volcanoes is satisfactorily accounted for by the access of water to the metals which are the bases of the alkalies and earths, as any one may satisfy himself by examining the boracic acid springs of Italy, or any other hot springs, where streams and rivulets percolating through the strata, and coming in contact with beds of sulphur or pyrites, create a heat which causes the most powerful explosions of gas and water. The Almighty does not require an alchemist's mysterious internal fire, nor a geologist's mass of flame, to redestroy the present world. He has the stores of vengeance in his hands, and by the simplest instruments can burn up this terrestrial frame with all its buildings and treasures. The warmth of mines may be the result, in the first place, of the absence of atmospheric air; and, in the second, of the pressure of the weight of the extra column of air on their floors, and of the influence of moisture on the beds of sulphur and pyrites in their strata.

We conclude with the single remark, that any system of geology which conflicts with the Bible, or which requires a fanciful and forced interpretation of its revealed truths, is at best suspicious, and that it is unwise and imprudent to place it before those who are earnestly inquiring, What is truth?

## MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

## A FEARFUL DREAM.

ONE day, a little later than his usual hour for returning, Adam Grainger came bustling in, tearing up the stairs four at a time. His wife was in the drawing-room, one of her little children on her knee.

"How are you, Margaret? All right, I see. What have you got for dinner?"

"For dinner!"

"Because I have asked Little. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"To-day! I wish I had known. There's no time now to make any addition."

"O, Little's not particular. He will take pot-luck. I told him so. Really, Margaret, the vista opening to that man is truly astonishing."

Mrs. Grainger laughed.

"Indeed—there's his knock! Pack off that child, Margaret. Stay! I'll ring the nursery bell."

George Little was a man of forty; but, in spite of his having attained that sober age, he was in no settled condition of life. The fact was, his was a nature too enthusiastic for common business. He had tried his hand at many things; schemes chiefly; and could not be said to have succeeded in any. Either he had grown tired of them, or they of him. He had always some new project on hand. He was good-hearted, good-natured, and good-tempered; a little, quick man of rapid, eager speech, with a keen, dark eye, set deep in his head, and plenty of intellect above it. Just now he was wild—*wild*—about the mining schemes he had got hold of.

"Such a thing, ma'am!" he protested to Mrs. Grainger, when he was fairly launched on his subject after dinner, and his earnest look and tone proved *his* perfect faith in what he asserted, "such a piece of luck that is not met with once in a century! You have heard of Trebedon?"

Mrs. Grainger had heard the place mentioned by her husband.

"It is only recently the discovery has been made," continued Little. "There's a princely fortune, ma'am, for a dozen people and for families after them, down to, I don't know how many generations, for one cannot calculate it."

"The mines are copper, I believe?"

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"Copper and tin, Margaret," broke in Mr. Grainger, in an equally eager tone with his guest.

"But is there no risk for those entering on these enterprises?" inquired Mrs. Grainger.

"Not the slightest, if the thing is worked properly," answered Mr. Little. "It is as safe as the bank."

"But I have heard of large fortunes being lost in mining speculations," she urged.

"Of course you have, ma'am. Set a man, or a body of men, to any business they don't understand, or have not the proper ability to conduct—say, only a shop of sweetmeats—the business will soon fall to the ground, and they with it. It is precisely the same thing with regard to the management of mines. A set of people, who know nothing about it, go hot-headed to work: they sink money here, and shafts there; the first recklessly, and the last wrongly. They can't get at the ore; or not in sufficient quantities to pay; the money keeps going out, and nothing comes in; soon they are at a stand-still for want of capital; the thing is talked about on 'Change as a mad speculation, and the public turn up their eyes, and wonder men can be so green. But the public forget that the valuable ore is there still, snug in its rich beds, and that the speculators have only gone the wrong way to get it out."

"Just so," applauded Mr. Grainger.

"They must be a profitable source of wealth when they are judiciously managed," remarked Mrs. Grainger.

"Ma'am! the profits are too vast to be estimated," said Little. "One's mind gets lost in the contemplation."

"I hear you are progressing well in these new mines of yours," she returned.

"More than well," answered he; "they will soon prove a source of incalculable wealth. They abound in minerals of unusual value. The lodes already opened, both of copper and tin, are of superior quality: there's one beautiful lode of gray copper ore, the specimens of which do one's eyes good to look at."

"And that won't be long first, eh, Little?" said Mr. Grainger.

"Very shortly now. Then, ma'am, in the south strata mine the lodes are numerous; and so promising! There's the Wheal Bang, and the Wheal Providence,

and the Wheal Round; but I need not enumerate them. The Wheal Bang, at the adit level, which is about twelve fathoms below the surface, is four feet wide, and shows a splendid gossum, soft sugar spar, iron pyrites, and rich copper ore. The gossum and quartz are of the finest description."

"I don't understand all these names," interrupted Mrs. Grainger, laughing.

Mr. Little laughed too. "Well, ma'am, I suppose you don't; they are not in a lady's way. But I can assure you they are all there, and I look upon it as the fortunate hour of my life when I was permitted to drop across them."

Mr. Grainger was beginning to look upon it as the fortunate hour of his. He had been bitten with the mania of speculation, and the disorder was taking rabid hold upon him. He had said to his wife that he felt induced to embark his spare cash in the scheme, and he forthwith hastened to do so. It was not much; and well had it been for Mr. Grainger had he embarked nothing more. But he lent his name, he lent his energies, and he lent his mind.

He held a lucrative appointment in one of our first-class insurance offices, which his father had held before him. His salary was already large, and it was a progressing one, enough to satisfy the moderate wishes of a reasonable man.

A few more weeks went by. One evening, upon coming in, Mr. Grainger said, "I saw Little to-day, Margaret, and he says they have begun to sink the whim-shaft."

"Whim-shaft?" echoed Margaret.

"About sixty-five fathoms east of the big engine shaft, in the Great Tin Lode, last discovered," ran on Mr. Grainger, too hurriedly to stop for explanation. "That tin lode is of exceeding richness, he says, and from nine to eleven feet wide, ten fathoms below high-water mark: and it is so situated with the adjoining lodes that one engine will work the whole. You don't understand, I see, Margaret."

"It must be running away with a deal of money, Adam!"

"Of course. But only think of the returns!"

The following morning, upon Mr. Grainger's entering the office of the insurance company, at his customary hour, he was requested to walk into the directors' pri-

vate room. Two of them were there, the chairman and Mr. Phelps. They were growing in years now, and had been directors in his father's lifetime.

"Mr. Grainger, take a seat; we have requested you to step in here for the purpose of answering a question or two that we wish to put to you. Do you know anything of this?"

The chairman, as he spoke, opened a printed sheet of paper, and set it before him. Not a second glance at it needed Mr. Grainger. It was the flaming prospectus of the Great Trebeddon Mining Company, which had been issued forth to the public, his own name appearing in it as large as life.

The chairman laid his finger upon the spot. "'Adam Grainger, Esquire:' that must be you."

"It is, sir."

"Did you not know that it is a rule of this office that none of its clerks, superior or inferior, may connect themselves, in any way whatever, with any private or public company?"

"No, I did not," said Mr. Grainger, the color flushing into his face at being, as he looked upon it, dictated to; he, a man of five thousand a year in prospective!

"That is strange. Your father knew it well. I think it must have escaped your memory."

A dim recollection began to come over, Mr. Grainger that there was some such rule in existence. He had completely forgotten it.

"My being connected with the mines cannot make less efficient my services here," he said.

"That is not the question," interposed Mr. Phelps. "The rule is the rule, and all must abide by it. If you are suffered to transgress it, why may not every one else in our employ?"

Mr. Grainger bit his lip.

"Besides, your being connected with an excitable scheme like this, does render your services here less efficient," observed the chairman. "Your thoughts are naturally given to this new business, and taken from your legitimate duties."

"It is not a *scheme*," fired Mr. Grainger; "it is a tangible, *bona fide* undertaking. The mines are second to none for richness of ore; they will yield immense returns."

"They don't yield them yet," curtly

remarked the speaker, looking at Mr. Grainger through his spectacles. "I suspect they are absorbing funds, instead of yielding them."

"Of course they are, sir, at present. Nothing can be done, in any business, without an outlay at the first onset."

"May I ask how much of it you have contributed as your share?"

"All I had," was the answer. "About fifteen thousand dollars."

"Ah. Take my advice, Mr. Grainger, let your fifteen thousand dollars go, and say nothing about the loss," said the chairman. "In after years you may count the loss a gain, if it shall have taught you prudence."

"Ay, ay," nodded Mr. Phelps; "let it go, let it go."

"Let my fifteen thousand dollars go!" ejaculated Adam Grainger, believing the two gray-haired gentlemen before him must be candidates for Bedlam. "What for?"

"You will never get a shilling returned upon them, and you'll only plunge deeper into the mire."

"Have you heard any ill of the mines?" Mr. Grainger scarcely dared to inquire.

"Nothing at all; but we know the nature of these things. We are unacquainted with the 'Great Trebeddon' except from this prospectus, and from the advertisements."

"I thought it could not be," he said, in a relieved tone. "It is the finest prospect, sir, that has appeared for years."

"If it is like other mining prospects, it will be 'fine,'" observed the chairman. "They generally end in the ruin of all connected with them."

"Two ignorant old savages!" was the mental compliment of Mr. Grainger.

"However, to bring the matter in question to an issue, Mr. Grainger. It resolves itself into this: either you must give up the Great Trebeddon, or you must give up your post with us."

"I have been contemplating the probability of my giving up my post here later," he replied.

"It must be one or the other *now*," cried the chairman.

Mr. Phelps rose and laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I regarded your father with no common esteem," he said, "and for his sake—and, it may be, a little for your own—I take an interest

in you. *Be persuaded.* Look upon this new scheme with our eyes of experience, and remain with us. You will do so, if you know when you are well off."

"I expect in a short time to be clearing my five thousand a year from these mines," said Mr. Grainger, in a low tone. "There are not many of us in it, and the returns to be divided will be enormous."

The chairman coughed, not a pleasant cough to Adam, for it sounded full of mocking unbelief. "We shall be sorry to lose your services, Mr. Grainger," he said, suppressing its sound. "Rather than do so, we will make it better worth your while to stay with us: your salary shall be raised. Reflect well before you reject it: a bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, remember."

"I thank you greatly, sir. But I would not give up the prospects opening to me on any account."

"Take till next Monday to consider," interposed Mr. Phelps. "We do not insist upon your answer to-day."

"If you prefer to receive it then," was the somewhat ungracious reply, "but it will be the same."

"Understand one thing, Mr. Grainger," said the chairman, in a sharp, decisive tone, for nothing vexed him like obstinacy; "we have gone from our usual course to give you this warning out of regard to your late father: any other than you would have received summary dismissal. If, after this, you do give up your situation in this house, you give it up forever. Under no circumstances will you be permitted to enter it again. I pass you my word for that, as chairman of the board of directors."

"Sir," returned Adam Grainger, "what could induce me to wish to re-enter it? My fortune will be made."

"Very well, sir. Our interview for to-day is over."

"Until Monday next," added Mr. Phelps.

"Margaret!" cried Mr. Grainger, bounding into his wife's presence when he reached home, "it's all done."

He spoke in an unusually joyous tone, and she looked brightly up, expecting, probably, that the first year's profit from the mines had arrived in a parcel.

"Yes! What is it?"

"Those old governors at the office have saved me the trouble of resigning. They

called me in this morning, the chairman and Phelps, to tell me they were ready to discharge me."

"Is that all?" said Margaret. "I suppose they knew you were getting above the situation—in fortune, I mean—and graciously released you."

"O, did they though! They are a couple of slow old tubs, who can't get beyond the jog-trot way of their forefathers. Those sort of folks, you know, Margaret, who would rather jolt in the wagon than risk the railway. They gave me a lecture upon prudence, as keen a one as ever I had from my father, and urged me to send the mines to the right-about, and stop with them."

"Indeed!"

"They would raise my salary, they said, if I would have done with the Trebeddon. And if not—"

"What?" asked Mrs. Grainger.

"There was the alternative of leaving them at once. By Monday next I must do one or the other. They need not ransack their brains as to which it will be."

"So soon!"

"Some old rule they recalled to my recollection, which I declare I had forgotten, that no one employed in the company must put a finger into any other pie. I would not have minded stopping on a quarter of a year longer, till the warm weather has come in and the thing is more afloat. But I don't care about it. It is as well as it is. So in a few days, Margaret, I shall be my own master: a gentleman at large."

"Adam," said Mrs. Grainger, thoughtfully, "do you consider it will be prudent to throw up your situation before you receive returns from the other?"

"I cannot retain it, as I have connected myself with the mines. Did you not understand me?"

"You are *sure* of these returns from the mines?"

"The returns are as sure as if I had them at this moment in my hand. And speedy, too, Margaret."

Still Mrs. Grainger looked thoughtful.

"Well, you understand business matters better than I do. But I wish you could retain your post until the other was assured."

"I have explained why I cannot. And you would not recommend me to resign my share in the mines, I conclude," he

retorted, in a sterner manner than he commonly used to his wife; "to abandon my hopes and my money, and all the glorious prospects that have dawned upon us; you would not wish that?"

"No, certainly not."

"As I thought. Then I must adopt the only alternative, and resign my post. Don't look so gloomy, Margaret."

"Did I look gloomy? I did not know it. I was only thinking—"

"What were you thinking?"

"Adam, let me speak out. I know your nature is so very sanguine that I think you see things with a brighter hue than most men. I was thinking, if the Trebeddon mines should not turn out as you expect, if they *should* fail, where should we be?"

"Upon my word and honor, Margaret, you pay me a very high compliment. How long have you thought me a fool? Do you suppose I cannot see my way before me clearer than that? It is not a bit of use talking to women about business," he continued, chafing considerably, "for they can't understand it."

"My dear husband, your interests and mine are the same," she gently said. "If I beg you to be cautious and prudent, it is for your sake as much as ours. Think of the children."

"I do think of them; and of you too. It is for their future that I am anxious to amass wealth. Were I a single man, with only myself to look to, I might go on in the old humdrum way."

Mr. Grainger no doubt spoke as he thought: that if he had nobody but himself, he would be content with his salary. He was unconscious how thoroughly he was mistaken; he was unconscious that the speculating mania was upon him, and that the power urging him on was *not* the future interest of his family, but the fever of the disorder. There is no cure for it, none, until it has had its course. A pretty sharp cure generally comes then.

The time went on to autumn; say, rather, to the beginning of winter. No particular change had yet taken place, save, perhaps, in the manner of Mr. Grainger: anxiety, disappointment, and hope deferred, were rendering his naturally sweet temper an irritable one. The Great Trebeddon Mines could not be said to have failed, and they could not be said to have prospered; they were hovering between



the two. One of the unhappy speculators who had purchased a right in them, was in the habit of likening them to the horse-leech; since they sucked in all the money that could be raised for them, and were continually asking for more. Give, give! give, give! it was their incessant cry; but they seemed determined to render nothing in return. Mr. Grainger had been down to the mines. The first time he remained a fortnight, and had come up enraptured: the second time he remained three weeks, and had come up more enraptured still; the third and last time, he had returned not quite so much so. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger were yet in their house: the period not having come to remove to a superior one, as he had anticipated; though a doubt was arising, now, whether they would stay in it much longer. Perhaps the doubt was arising whether they *could* stay in it.

"Adam," his wife said to him about this time, her face wearing a look of anxious uneasiness, "I really must have some money to go on with. Do you know that the tradespeople are beginning to refuse further trust?"

"What tradespeople?" he fiercely asked.

"None are so attentive as they formerly were; so anxious to send for orders. But the butcher is growing troublesome."

"An ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger. "Seven years and more have we been good customers to him, and paid him weekly! What does the fellow mean?"

"Adam, don't be cross; that will not mend matters: we must put ourselves in their places before we blame them. It is six months—eight nearly—since they have received any money, and they know you are no longer in the insurance-office. I wonder they have given us credit so long as this. And there is something else being asked for. Though really, Adam, I cannot bear to speak of these things, you take me up so sharply."

"Not you, Margaret," he said, in a softer tone; "but these stupid people vex me with their fears. What is it that is being asked for?"

"The rent," she said in a low tone.

"The rent! What, old Barker?"

"He called when you were gone to the city yesterday. He said he was sorry to be pressing, but he feared you had got into

a mess that you would not readily get out of, and of course he must look to his own interest. He spoke civilly."

"Civilly you call it?" foamed Mr. Grainger. "What did he say—that I was got into a mess?"

"Mess or mesh: I did not rightly hear, and did not ask him. I don't think he will wait much longer, Adam. Three quarters are owing now."

"The insolent old wretch! Afraid of three quarters of a year's rent—from *me*! The thief must have taken leave of his senses."

"Adam, I do not think you see things quite in their right light. If we were as we used to be, people would not mind waiting years for their money; wait, and never ask for it. But it is the fact of your not doing anything just now, of your not being in a way of making money, that alarms them. If—"

"I won't talk with you any longer," impatiently interrupted Mr. Grainger; "you are as senseless as they are. Not in any way of making money, when you know that the mining operations are going on, and that thousands must be on their way to us! I am astonished at you, Margaret."

He flung out of the room as he spoke, encountering one of the servants outside.

"Mr. Little has called, sir," she said.

"He is in the dining-room."

"Little! O, that's right; the very man I should like to see. So you have returned?" he exclaimed, shaking hands with his guest.

"Came up last night."

"And how go on things at the mines?"

"Well, slower than we should like to see them," hesitated Mr. Little. "The fact is, there has been more trouble getting these mines in working order than any of us anticipated. Things looked so promising at first."

"Do you mean to say they don't look promising now?" wrathfully demanded Mr. Grainger.

"They are as promising as ever. But the difficulty is to realize the promises. We are at a stand still for want of money."

"Not a complete stand still?"

"I am sorry to say we are."

"Childe must advance it."

"Childe won't. I have just been to him, and he flew in a regular passion, says he washes his hands of the lot, and wished the mines had been in a certain hot place

before he had ever heard of them. But I caught a whisper, down at Trebeddon, that Childe had been burning his fingers with some other speculation, and had not got the money to advance. I firmly believe it is so."

"Colonel Hartlebury?"

"He is cleaned out."

Mr. Grainger sat and drummed on the table. "How much is wanted now?" he asked.

"About ten thousand dollars, we compute—"

"Why it was ten thousand dollars three months ago, and you have had double that since!" interrupted Mr. Grainger.

"It was that influx of water that played the deuce with us. But we now believe, and with reason, that ten thousand would bring the ore into the market. Of course every step has advanced us nearer to it?"

"What is to be done?"

"Can't you give us a little more help, Mr. Grainger?"

"You may as well ask this table for help as me. Those bills you got me to sign, and raise money upon, will soon be due, and I don't possess a brass farthing toward meeting them. It is a good thing Mrs. Grainger knows nothing about them; they would worry her mind night and day."

"We are all in the same predicament," cried Little.

"No, you are not," was the quick response of Mr. Grainger. "You have none of you got bills out."

"If we don't get the ore into the market speedily, it will play Old Gooseberry with us all."

"We must get it in, Little."

"I know we must. But I don't see how it's to be done, unless money can be found. There's not five hundred dollars among us, for available purposes."

"Have you seen Green?"

"No. I mean to call upon him when I go back to the city. He can do nothing."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Grainger. "We must stir heaven and earth about this. It would be desperation for it to fail now."

"And a debtor's jail and the Bankruptcy Court after it," spluttered Little.

Adam Grainger's face flushed hot, and he passed his handkerchief over it. It grew hotter and hotter.

"Better set on and hang ourselves than stand that," added Little, as they went out.

Does anybody remember two remarkable plates in the book of "Martin Chuzzlewit?" The wondrous city of Eden as it appeared in print, and the wondrous city of Eden as it proved in reality. Does he remember Martin's rapture, his uplifted hands and eyes when reverently contemplating the public buildings in the picture; his indignation at Mark Tapley's somewhat suspicious remark, "Perhaps they grewed spontaneous?" Just what that flourishing city of Eden, in print, was to the enraptured mind of Martin Chuzzlewit, had the Great Trebeddon mining scheme been to Adam Grainger; and just what the city proved to be when the two expectant travelers reached it—a feverish swamp, a wild ruin—had the Great Trebeddon Mines faded to now.

"But did even this effect the cure, and serve to open the eyes of Mr. Grainger? Not it. Not yet. If he had had fifty thousand dollars at his command, he would still have thrown it into the yawning gulf. But he had not the fifty thousand; no, nor fifty dollars.

Need the reader be told the sequel? The Great Trebeddon Mines proved a failure. Whether from want of copper and tin, or from want of capital to disembowel them, is of no consequence here; they failed, and ruin overtook many who had connected themselves with them. The most perfect ruin fell upon Adam Grainger. Christmas was allowed to pass, and then all the ill came rushing on at once. The bills he had accepted became due, and he was sued upon them; the report of the failure of the mines flew about far and wide; the landlord paid him a visit in the peculiar fashion loved by landlords, and all the tradespeople came down upon him together. And so that was the ending of the Great Trebeddon Mines, and of the happiness and prosperity of Adam Grainger and his home. If some who read this would but take warning for themselves! There are a few such schemes afloat now.

In a short time after his failure, Adam Grainger, being reduced to poverty, came to the horrible conclusion of committing suicide. He lost all confidence in the all-saving power of his Maker, and was unable, like all those who despair of hope, to bear up with his fate. His children and his wife looked to him for succor, and he, believing that he would never more be able to

give it to them, sat down to write them a farewell letter, asking forgiveness for the injury he was about doing them.

An ugly weapon of polished steel was at his elbow, which he had fetched from his bed-chamber. He was writing the last words when a knock at the house-door was heard, and then his wife entered the room, a couple of bottles in her hand. He had deemed himself secure from interruption, and he started like a detected criminal, as he threw his pocket-handkerchief over the razor.

"Adam," cried his wife, "here's a curious thing! The Claytons have sent us a present of some wine."

"Claytons!" echoed Mr. Grainger; "who are the Claytons?"

"The people who live up above, at Lime Villa. I was talking to Mrs. Clayton over her garden-gate the other day about her plants."

"Very strange! What should people send wine to us for?"

"It does seem strange, but there can be no mistake. Their servant brought it, with Mr. Clayton's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, and begged they would use these two bottles of wine. We heard he was a wine-merchant. We will open one to-night."

"I tell you there must be a mistake, Margaret. Strangers are not likely to send wine to me."

"O, Adam, they are kind-looking people; who knows but they may have an idea that we are in want? I know it is all right."

"People are not so romantic."

Mrs. Grainger left the room, taking one of the bottles with her. He hoped she was gone for some time, and turned to his journal to write a word of farewell to her.

"The clocks have just chimed nine; in ten minutes, Margaret, your husband will have ceased to exist. My love, my wife, forgive me! and you *will*, for you alone know how wretched has been my existence. Algernon! Isabel! Caroline! Walter! obey your mother in all things; and, when you grow up, cherish and support her better than I have been able to do. I would steal up stairs, and kiss farewell to you in your unconscious slumbers, but that my heart-strings would break with the effort. Margaret, when they are of an age to hear it, pray to them for

forgiveness for their father; tell them it was for them, for you, that his sufferings became unbearable. Alone in the world he could have borne and braved all. God bless you all! Margaret, my only love, farewell forever!"

At this moment Mrs. Grainger suddenly returned to the room, several things in her hands.

"Look here, Adam, I have broken in the cork. That's the fault of the fork. What a many things we shall want when we go into real housekeeping again! Had any one offered me a present of a corkscrew this morning, I should have declined it as having no use for it."

"Why, what are you going to do?" he asked. "What's that hot water for?"

"To make some wine and water. I boiled it up on some of Jemima's wood. We shall relish our supper of dry bread now, but it was terribly dry before. We must dispense with sugar, Adam."

"I don't want any wine and water," he returned, speaking irritably, for he was vexed at these interruptions. "I have some writing to do, and wish to be alone."

"Do your writing to-morrow. We will keep festival to-night. It is not often we have wine to keep it on. What a treat after our wretched day!"

Something called her again from the room. In his infatuation he determined not to lose a moment. He lifted the handkerchief, and grasped the razor. Still not in time, for her hand was heard too soon on the handle of the door. He dashed the dangerous weapon back again with a muttered word; it might have been a curse; and, taking up the bottle, shook it about and pretended to be looking through it; anything to hide his confusion, coward that he was. She happened to glance at him, as she sat down the glasses and some bread, and was startled.

"Adam! how strange you look! Quite wild. Are you ill? feverish?"

"I think I am," he groaned, relinquishing the bottle, and pressing his hands upon his temples.

"Some wine and water will do you good. Make it, please. It is all ready."

"Do you give wine for fever, Margaret?"

"Yes, for such fever as yours, which arises from want of support. Make it at once, or the water will be getting cold."

He rose mechanically, and it is proba-

ble that his shaking hand may have poured more wine than he intended into both glasses. Mrs. Grainger silently added additional water to hers, but he drank his; it seemed also mechanically. Suddenly she burst out laughing. He looked up reprovingly, her gay mood did so jar upon his nerves.

"Adam, I can't help it. I was thinking, suppose the man should come for the wine back again, how foolish we should look!"

"You are merry to-night!"

"I am so pleased at our delicious supper. I wish Jemima was not gone to bed. I would take her some; but she has had a hard day's work, and was tired. And for it to come so unexpectedly! We never know what things may turn up."

"Or one hour what the next may bring forth."

She talked on, thankful to cast aside care for one brief moment, but he only chafed at her sitting there with him. The cordial had warmed him, had soothed his broken spirit, and he leaned back in his chair, almost in enjoyment, but his fatal resolution abated not one jot in its force. Hoping to drive her from the room, he kept silence, and at last shut his eyes and feigned sleep. It succeeded, for she left the room, and now the opportunity was come.

He rose upright in his chair, determined not again to lose it. Yet he did pause for an instant or two. His thoughts were turning to chaos; all things of his life seemed to be before his sight, and yet nothing. He stood on the confines of this life, on the threshold of eternity; one minute more, and he would have entered on its mysteries forever. *Eternity! . . . forever! . . . his own act?*

He made an effort to rid himself of the thoughts that were crowding on him. He untied his neckcloth, and it fell to the ground. Even in that last moment he was conscious of this, and picked it up again.

He was sick at heart. Suspense, dread, fear, overwhelmed him, shaking him with agony, as one in a convulsion. Yet, with all this, there was no repenting, no turning from his self-willed doom. "Now or never!" he muttered; "if I hesitate I am lost." *Lost!*

He threw aside the handkerchief, and took up what was under it. He raised his

hand. One convulsive shudder, and Adam Grainger's spirit was in the other world.

But to what had he hastened? O, horror, horror! The pen cannot write it; words cannot utter it; living, waking beings cannot imagine it. Mercy, mercy, upon him and all such! To be dead, and yet alive; to be in the next world, yet awake to what was passing in this; surrounded by woe unutterable, and hope gone forever! O fool, fool! he had talked in life of "despair," of "hope deserting him;" the film had fallen from his eyes now. As a grain of sand to the desert, a drop of water to the ocean, was the duration of his mortal existence in comparison with eternity. And he had refused to encounter its short-lived trials; he had shrunk from the insignificant frowns of the race around him, suffering, weak, finite beings like himself, and rushed into the presence of his outraged Creator. Did he think to gain heaven by his mad exit? What *had* he gained? O, short-sighted man! O awful, awful!

Adam Grainger had passed by his own act from time to eternity, and the wide flood-gates of retribution were thrown back, and the waters of repentance came rushing on to his soul. He writhed and struggled with the torrent, but on, on it came, and surrounded him. Repentance such as we can feel; what was it to his? He strove to tear himself in his anguish, to curse himself for his rash presumption, to howl aloud in his sharp torment; *but he dared not kneel and pray to God*; he had forfeited that privilege forever. And, alas! how short-sighted had been his wisdom! for, behold, there, at a little distance, was a bright cloud, no bigger than a speck, and he saw that it had been coming toward him, charged with relief and recompense. Now it was arrested on its way, and was vanishing into air, for he himself had rendered its mission futile.

He stood in the spirit, and watched them as they crowded to view the lump of clay which he had cast aside; their comments, though whispered but in the heart, were loud enough to him. When, the first shock of pity past, dastard! wicked! were the best names they gave him. To desert his wife and children! to abandon their helplessness to a world which he had found so stern! His sons, wanting the guiding hand of a father, might grow up degraded men; his daughters

to—what in life he would not have dared to glance at. Woe, woe, unutterable woe! Woe and torture upon his soul, by day and by night, until the hour of doom!

They brought it in "Insanity," and the scanty funeral left the house for the church, bearing the remains to the place where they were to molder. *He* followed in its wake. He saw, now, the utter mockery of the pomp and pride sometimes made to attend the dead. The decorated heads of the stately horses; the velvet trappings sweeping the ground; the majestic plumes rising over the death-carriage; the train of attendants, carriages and trappings, carriages and trappings still again, a long line of them; a coffin emblazoned with enough silver to tempt the cupidity of the living, while what it contains, that for which the show is made, is more loathsome than anything above the earth or below it. But where's the spirit? Following, as his was.

The curate read the service for the dead; little fear that any higher dignitary would attend to bury such as he. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life—"

He tore about the church in dire anguish; *we* cannot picture such; he would have screamed aloud, but that sound was denied him; he would have dashed himself with frantic violence against the gravestones; all in vain. Until the day of judgment his punishment was confined to mental torture; afterward— In his convulsive throes he swept by Algernon, and the boy shuddered and sobbed; was he conscious that some blighting influence was close to him?

O that he could undo his work! that he could undo his work! He had talked of "tasting the quiet of the grave." There was no grave; the body he had cast off had the grave, not the spirit.

The space around was of awful immensity, beyond human comprehension; its color a dull, gloomy lead. On its confines appeared a glimmering of shining light, telling of the realms he had lost, and of Him who made their brightness; and whenever his vision encountered that spot, a dreadful fear shattered him, such as we

can only experience in a dream. The living God was there: the God whom he had rejected; and he knew that he must yet be brought before him for judgment, But not yet; not, as it seemed, for ages; and, until then, he was doomed to whirl unceasingly about, his horrible remorse tearing at his heart-strings. But it appeared that some power was impelling him toward that bright spot now. He struggled to resist; to bear back; no! nearer and nearer it urged him. "It is not time," he screamed; "it is not time!" And with a yell, as of madness, he—awoke.

He awoke. These horrors, which had visited Adam Grainger, were but a dream. When he had leaned his head back in his chair to feign sleep, hoping so to get rid of the presence of his wife, sleep had, indeed, mercifully overtaken him.

The large drops of agony stood upon his brow. He shook, as with an ague, from head to foot. He was still in uncertainty; was all *that* real, or had he, indeed, not lost heaven? Mrs. Grainger, who had been watching him in his sleep, came forward.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he hoarsely gasped, "which is reality? Am I here by your side, a living man?"

"I don't know what can have been the matter with you," she answered. "You fell asleep just after drinking the wine and water, and I think you must have had a troubled dream, a nightmare. You have been so much disturbed in it; and you awoke with a positive scream."

He shook and shivered still, staring in affright. Not yet could he take in the mercy which had been vouchsafed him.

"Adam, look here. I took up your handkerchief to throw over your head, and there lay your razor. What did you bring it down for?"

"Margaret, that razor—" He looked at her, and stopped for utterance. The truth flashed on her mind, and she cried out with a wild cry, as she threw herself on her knees before him.

"O, Adam! what frightful project is this? We have borne much; we can bear more; we will bear all. I can, while you are left to me."

He was now weeping tears of relieved agony, thankful for the dreadful vision which had saved him.

"You have destroyed my peace of



mind," she wailed. "With this fear hanging over me, I shall never know another moment's rest."

"I was about to destroy myself, Margaret; I avow it now. And God has saved me by a dream; nay, a vision. I thought I had done it, and the horrors—" He stopped and shivered again. She clasped him tightly.

"Tell it me, Adam."

"I cannot tell it you. No human words could convey an impression of its horrors. But it has saved my soul."

"You will bear all in future, as you have done, without a thought of lifting your hand against yourself? You promise me?"

"Ay, Margaret; bear all and welcome all. No matter what it may be, it will be to me a heaven, after what I have escaped from. How long did I sleep?"

"Half an hour."

"Half an hour!" he echoed. "All that dread horror in half an hour!"

"Adam," she said, in a low voice, "this must have been a fearful dream."

"Ay. Although it came from God."

o o o o o o o o o

Several years passed away. By honest industry and trust in God the necessities first, and then the comforts of life were secured. On the anniversary of the dreadful day the children were all assembled. A feast was provided.

"Children, sit down and enjoy it," said their father. "This day is the anniversary of an eventful era in my life, and I would keep it as one of thanksgiving."

"What event was it?" asked the children.

"One by which I was in great peril."

"Peril of your life, papa?" inquired the eldest boy.

"Yes, Algernon, in peril of my life."

"And who saved you?"

"One that will save all who apply to Him."

"Ah, you mean God. Tell us about it, papa."

"It is not of a nature fitted for your years. You shall hear it when you are men and women."

"Did mamma know it?"

"Mamma did."

"And is it a year ago to-day?"

"It is several years ago."

"I know," cried the dancing Cary.

"Papa was run over."

"No, Caroline, I was not run over. I think you stand most chance of encountering that calamity, if you fly about so heedlessly."

"Papa, I expect it was during the time we were so poor. How very poor we were! You don't remember much about it," added Algernon, turning to his brother and sisters.

"I do," said Isabel.

"Ay, children, many's the morning I have got up, and did not know where to get you a bit of bread. Give me your hands, dear children, listen to me. I am about to speak to you very seriously, and I wish you never to forget my words. You have spoken Algernon, of the poverty we were in, but you cannot understand half its misery, half its embarrassment. It lasted so long that I rashly concluded I was forgotten by God; my heart, crushed with misery and wearied out, was almost broken, my spirit quite. I was tempted to abandon all, to—to"—here he placed his hands upon his temples—"to abandon you, my children; but a singular event showed me my error, and led me to better thoughts. I no longer imagined I *could not* bear any ill which might be my lot; but resolved *to do so*, and I found that this resolution took away half its hardship. I recalled one of the promises your mamma has often read to you, which I had chosen to forget; that, as our day is, so, if we will it, shall our strength be. From that time I no longer gave way to despair, but struggled on, doing my very best in reliant trust and hope. And—you see, my children, you know how we have been brought through—we have regained all we have lost, even former friends. Content, plenty, and peace are ours, and those dark days are remembered but as a dream."

CHIVALRY is to modern, what the heroic was to ancient times; all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. At all the great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment, as a universal principle of action. Chivalry consisted in the defense of the weak; in the loyalty of valor; in the contempt of deceit; in that Christian charity which endeavored to introduce humanity even in war; in short, in all those sentiments which substitute the reverence of honor for the ferocious spirit of arms.—*Madame de Staël.*

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS—A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

TRULY the lot of childhood is, in many cases, a hard one and a bitter. Foolish mothers, careless domestics, and ignorant nurses, sow in many a young immortal the seeds that produce an untold amount of misery, mental as well as bodily.

From what purports to be a veritable piece of autobiography, which we find in an English periodical, exaggerated as perhaps it is, we condense a brief narrative that will be read by all with interest; and by some, we trust, with profit.

I am a haunted man, descended from haunted mothers. Physiology may say what it pleases, but the nurses are the mothers of the boys, far more truly than the boys are the fathers of the men. When I was a heavy lump of an infant, I had once a nursing mother who climbed up with me in her arms upon the scaffold of a house in course of construction. Of course, as I was a heavy lump, she set me down on the scaffold to rest herself after the fatigue I had occasioned her by my weight. Very naturally, too, as he was very interesting to her and I was not, she gave to the young stone-mason who had asked her up, her undivided attention. Inevitably, also, by the truly infantile law of gravitation toward mischief, I toppled over and fell from the level of a first-floor down upon granite stones. This innocent young damsel was, I suspect, the mother of at least half a score of broken bones in my body. Moreover, I may genealogically trace to her the peculiarities inseparable from a nervous system, some of the cases of which have been fractured and several of its cords crushed and torn. The whole affair is explained satisfactorily by the nursery aphorism, "Brats are never out of mischief."

The mother of my broken bones was the cause of my passing into the hands of the mother of my ghost-haunted mind. I passed many months of my infant life in the large garret of my father's house, which was called the nursery, with a nurse whose sleep I disturbed in the night by my performances in the character of the squalling brat. The authorities, who knew much better than I, decided that I screamed for nothing at all. Determined to secure her needful rest at all hazards, my ghostly

mother frightened me into silence by conjuring up ghosts from the murkiest nooks of the night and the wildest glances of the moon. My ghostly mother kept her place a long time, because she managed me so cleverly. Trying unconsciously, perhaps, to cure like by like, long before any fuss had been made about the principle, she told me frightful stories to cure frightful sufferings, and successfully soothed or silenced fits of agony by deliriums of fear.

The ghostly inheritance abides with me, and I know I am not the only possessor of similar heritages. When naturalists enumerate the vegetable and animal existences which follow man everywhere, they omit ghosts. Yet ghosts and sparrows follow men everywhere. The older individuals and communities grow, the more do they become haunted by their ghostly parasites—the comers-back, the beings seen, the specters. The proverb says there is a skeleton in every house, and I fear there are ghosts in every mind.

Delusions, illusions, and hallucinations, are stages on the road to insanity, monomania, mania, lunacy, imbecility, and idiocy. I may usefully indicate how far I was driven along this road by the artful energy and nightly labors of my ghostly mother. Delusions are produced by the passions which intrall the faculties whose business it is to guide the mind to truth. My sensations and my judgment were perverted by fear. Illusions are errors of the senses which the mind corrects. When we are first seated in a railway carriage, and it begins to move on, the houses, banks, fields, cattle, trees, seem to be flying away, by an illusion of the sense of sight. An illusion is a perversion of the perceptive faculties to the extent of deceiving one of the senses. When the perversion extends to the brain, the mind, the perceptive faculty, the perversion is hallucination. When I was taught to see in the dark the forms of wild beasts, of tigers, alligators, and serpents ready to devour me, of black men and child-stealers coming to take me, and of aerial forms in white sheets with corpse-like faces inviting me to the grave; my eyes, my faculties, my brain and mind, were trained to serve me falsely and supply me with hallucination. The mother who broke my bones was succeeded by a mother who fractured my mind. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer may

hear voices pursuing him, calling him, and threatening him, while he is as deaf as a stone. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer, when he is melancholy, sees dreadful scenes, and when he is gay is enraptured with beautiful objects, and all the while is stone blind.

Hallucination is like a waking dream. "A dream," says Voltaire, "is a passing madness." Esquirol says, "The hallucinated dream awake." M. Flourens says, "The wisest man is mad in a dream."

Dreaming is not hallucination, although like it. By means of his dreams, the wise man may be helped to understand hallucination. Hallucination is dreaming awake. Hallucination is the state in which the sensations and the volitions are impotent to correct and control the pictures of the imagination. Hallucination is the permanent impotence of the attention and the will. The machinery of the panorama runs on of itself, because the guiding hand has been struck with paralysis.

My ghostly mother paralyzed my will and my sight. My eyes saw the shadows of the night, and she, by the empire of her imagination over mine, made me behold among them hideous and dangerous creatures. The sense of sight showed me the moongleams, and she made them for me the white dead, who had risen, and who beckoned me away. She hallucinated me by the power of habit. The facility of doing a thing, acquired by doing it repeatedly, establishes the empire of habit. Preparing the way during the day, by the conversation, for the apparition of the night, she dayly perverted my reason, and nightly diseased my imagination, until I was habitually and completely enthralled by terror.

You see, I was a bad child. I cried. After commencing life by obstinately breaking the first nursery commandment, in crying when told to be good, I grew into a wicked child by disliking the exemplary and amiable, the watchful and devoted creatures who scolded and frightened me. I cannot deny having slapped the cheek of my ghostly mother when sweetly told to kiss her before company. It would be tedious to tell how I was flogged and physicked, ridiculed and rebuked, to make me good. Many days of solitary imprisonment in a cellar, and long weeks of solitary confinement in a garret, did not cure the disorders of my imagina-

tion. Finally, the household debarrassed itself of me by sending me to day schools.

But I was incurable. At school I found the alphabet invested with a *chevaux-de-frise* of difficulties. The symbols were to me mystic, enchanted, unconquerable, and horrible. When I looked at them as they hung against the wall, they seemed positively terrible. They were painted in different colors upon bits of pasteboard about the size of considerable panes of glass. They were all enchanted. As sure as death, they were all full of devils. When I looked at them, they danced zig-zag; their angles went off like forks of lightning, their bows grew like rainbows, and their colors shot like the northern lights. How was I to catch a letter when every one of them could gleam away like a shooting star, a celestial cricket? How was I to learn them when they whirled round in pools of fire mist, with fairies, kelpies, tigers, dragons, ghouls, and ghosts? My schoolmasters having quickly found out the great doctrine of the nursery, that I was a bad boy, treated me as an enemy to be subdued at all hazards. I was their enemy. I was an obstacle to their success, a slur upon their reputation, an offense to their vanity. Leather blisters applied on the hands and on the legs, anywhere, everywhere, were ineffectual; and, doubtless to their great astonishment and benevolent disappointment, my ears were pulled and my head was knocked about, without the dispersion of my ghostly phantasmagoria. The bewitched symbols only scowled the more wildly—flashing, flitting, dazzling, grinning, threatening, like the spirit-world of my own midnight couch. With the best will I could obediently bestow, I never caught more than occasional glimpses of the O, and transient catches of the apex of the A, or of the angles of the Z.

At last a schoolmaster studied me. He was a young clergyman who had picked up a few physiological notions during his studies. When he addressed a question to my class, he fixed his eyes on me. I remember well, and hope I shall forever, how he called me up to his desk and spoke gently to me. Observing my utter confusion, he asked my schoolfellows questions about me, and elicited a general opinion that I was not right in the head. Almost dayly, whenever he observed wildness in my eyes, he sent me out to the

playground to play with my marbles and my buttons. After a time, a mild-mannered boy, a year older than I, his nephew, joined me in my amusements. When he had gained my confidence, I intrusted him with my firm and fierce conviction that the alphabet was a hideous collection of specters invented to torment little boys. My theory of human nature was a generalization of my observations of my ghostly mother. I had no hallucinations respecting my marbles and buttons: a fact which was deemed a conclusive proof of my perversity. The kindly boy once drew an A with a bit of stick upon the ground, and asked me defiantly if I could draw such a clever figure. I tried and did. He told me it was an A. I asked him, what is the use of it? He seemed puzzled to say. Drawing the letter A was an amusement which we adopted when tired of buttons and bowls. My Mentor told me one day, as the most recent discovery in his science, the use of the letter A: it was useful in spelling cat—c-a-t. Nothing daunted, I demanded the use of spelling cat when we could say it, plump and full; he triumphantly told me we could not read about cats in books without spelling the word. This gentle boy, whose name I never knew, had a mother who used to stop me in the street and speak kindly to me. She was shabbily dressed, and, ever since, I have felt a grateful gush whenever I have chanced to meet a similarly-looking and seedily-attired gentlewoman. Whether it was in compliance with advice, or because I could play without costing anything a quarter, I was taken away from school and told to play near home.

I played near home for several years. As I grew stronger, the words near home became elastic, and my range of playground gradually extended over two miles of sand shore, and as many of rocky coast. I wandered along the banks of a canal, of several streams, and two rivers. I explored woods and climbed hills. As long as I continued weakly, I found boys generally very willing to fight me. I preferred solitude to their society. I was not afraid of plants, and I became geographically acquainted with every kind of vegetable production, from the red seaweeds of low water among the rocks, to the plants which grow upon the roofs of ancient churches. I knew where to find

several kinds of stones. All animals frightened me, except birds. When I first saw a frog leap, I shrieked deliriously. The truth is, I had not a particle of physical courage. Gradually, however, as my health increased, I conquered every fright, and attacked all animals, up to dogs and bulls. I learned courage from stinging insects and pinching crabs. When I approached work-folks, they usually asked me surlily why I was not at school, and I answered, "There is something wrong in my head." Much practical science was taught me by men whose business it was to work stones, plants, and animals, in ways useful to society. I plowed the fields with plowmen; I reaped the sea with fishermen; and I listened to the yarns of sailors and soldiers. I admired everybody and everything. As I gave convincing proofs of sound judgment, my friends declared, generously and unanimously, I had head enough to learn anything.

When about ten years of age, I was sent to school once more; at twelve, I was head of a class of boys of fourteen; and at twenty, I gained some of the highest honors of a university.

My college life did not, however, pass away without a memorable return of my hallucinations. On my first appearance at an examination made annually with antique solemnity, my vanity prompted me to make a needless display of Latinity. For months previously, I worked eighteen hours a day; during the preceding fortnight I studied day and night. When I was called up for public examination by three professors, and was seated in an immense old chair in presence of a large audience of my fellow-students, I felt my nerves giving way. The sway of my ghostly mother asserted itself once more. As I had the passage of Virgil on which I happened to be examined, by heart, I went on, at first mechanically and fluently, until the letters began their old capers—forking, bulging, shooting, flashing, swerving the page, diminishing the type, expanding the book—with clouding, flying, mocking, menacing things between me and it—and I made a dead stop. The examining professor gave me the word I had lost. There was a long pause. At last the professor said: "I am surprised;" and I replied: "Si-si-sir, I can neither see nor hear." No one laughed at me, if I may believe what I was often assured.

However, I have never read a page of Horace or Virgil since I left college, such was the bitterness of my youthful mortification. Prior to my public humiliation, I read Horace and Virgil for the pleasure they gave me; but since I left college I have never construed a page of a Latin classic; my readers can judge whether in this respect I am much like other folks, or am peculiarly a weak and vain fellow. Moreover, my juvenile disease of stammering came back in my trouble; a disease symptomatic of torn or over-stimulated nerves. The affectionate nursery theory of my stammering was, that I was taking time to think what fib I would tell.

Need we add, that there are haunted minds among us, shattered nerves, and bodies distorted; the unhappy owners draining the dregs of the bitter cup pressed to the lips of infancy by ignorance and want of care? And may it not be that there are even at this moment precious little ones—God-loaned cherubs, foredoomed by parental thoughtlessness to the same heritage of woe and sorrow?

#### FITFUL FANCIES; OR, DREAMING WITH THE EYES OPEN.

MERE matter-of-fact readers may as well pass over this article without perusal. It is not for them. But there are those who will find in Rachel's brief narrative an echo very much resembling mental sounds heard only by themselves, and who will find here portrayed a vision very like the one imprinted upon their own spiritual retina. They will read, and perchance drop a tear, and the tear will do them good:

I have heard people, in talking of their dreams, tell how there is one particular appearance that comes over and over again, under some special circumstance; and how, let them do what they will to ward it off, yet so surely as they lie down under the influence of such circumstance, so surely does the same figure arise in the same places, and enact anew the fragmentary drama, never to be finished in this world. When I say "ward off," I mean that, just by way of experiment, they sometimes try what power they have to put it aside. I do not wish to infer that they have in general any horror of it; I think, on the contrary, they would be sorry

to part with it. It is something so peculiarly their own that it gives them an importance resembling that of families who are distinguished enough to have a ghost or banshee; and I am sure they like to tell about it more than anything.

Although I am myself one of these people, I am different from them in a single respect, for I have never yet spoken to any one of a dream I have had for some time now. It was only last night that, awaking from it as the winter storm swept by the house, and wondering whether any one similarly situated had ever experienced anything like it, I determined to set it faithfully down, word by word, just as it happens. It is always in one place this vision comes to me, and at one time, in my own bed-room, sitting in a low chair beside the fire, which, with flameless, palpitating glow, makes a low dream-light in the chamber. Then, when the house is quiet; when the wind goes sighing by; when the little kettle makes its low purr; when the firelight is dimly reflected at great depths in the polished dark old furniture; when I have put on a particular white dressing-gown with wide hanging sleeves and loose neck; and when my hair falls down after the fashion of my girlhood, it is then I find myself face to face with this dream-figure. So quietly it steals in, as if it were some invisible limning within my heart which the sacred home-fire drew forth to palpability upon the surface, that I am unconscious when it first comes to me. I can feel it with its little face upon my bosom long before I look at it with my happy dimmed eyes; and it seems to me as if the star arose over my dwelling as it shone from heaven, ages ago, upon the young Child and his mother, hallowing forever since then the holy cradle of a mother's arms.

I am agitated by no surprise when I first see it, and yet my heart beats fast. It seems to me as if all that had ever been pure and peaceful in my own life, all my fancies, all my hopes, all the love I ever felt or could feel, lay concentrated there before me; as if I had no longer anything to desire; as if my very soul, purified, lay calmly sleeping upon my knees. I am sure if I have any distinct feeling at all, it is that I could die for it; whatever else is in my mind, that is uppermost; I could die for it; and as this thought comes, another dream seems to rise within



my dream, full of wild, incoherent passions of defense; of struggling with armed men, as mothers did in the days of Herod the Tetrarch; of buffeting with the waves; of being torn by savage animals; of flying with bare and bleeding feet, and streaming hair, through the wild night, and holding it ever to my bosom as my exceeding great reward; for the moment the vision comes it brings me a fierce strength, such as does not belong to my nature, which is, indeed, but weak and timid.

From these nightmare fancies I am recalled by a whole series of operations, in which I treat my dream-figure with a familiarity to be accounted for only as a dream inconsistency. I hold him in no more reverence than if he were the waxen baby I used to play at love with. I splash him and puff him; I battle it out with him, with quite a ludicrous sense of my power; the self-assertion of his kicking and crying affords me the most intense amusement through all my flurry. I make no more of compelling his rebellious little fat arms in and out of all sorts of intricacies than if I were the Brobdignag nurse I read of in the story-book long ago. I will have everything about him my own way, smooth and neat, and folded over and tucked in. I am firm in my notions regarding his figure, and finish him off with three yards of bandage, like a young mummy. I never relax a string in the matter of the night-gown, but overcome him with it like a shower-bath of calico, from which he emerges red and shining, and turn him over on his face with an unsympathizing imperturbability that seems almost fiendish in its heartlessness. After this final struggle I have conquered, and have only to fix my flag of victory upon his head by inserting it into his little crimped night-cap, which, with all the letting out of running-strings, is, I am proud to say, I say so to myself, "growing too small for him." So, the cruel task over, my tender-heartedness returns, and with his little hands wandering about my neck, with the fire-light enwrapping us both in its genial glow, with the kettle singing its low lullaby, with the wind passing on its mysterious course, he sleeps his sweet sleep. "And they brought young children to Him that he might bless them." These are the words I always hear as I watch at such a time, ad-

dressed, as it were, with something of tender reproach to myself, and telling me that, guided by the little innocent hand, I, too, may come to the golden gate, and receive a share of the blessing.

If there is one thing I am more proud of than another about this dream-darling of mine, it is his feet, always excepting his hair. Indeed, these two points of excellence, belonging to different periods of the dream, for many years lie compressed within the fantastical hour; I rather dwell upon each exclusively in turn. Thus, when first he comes to me, I almost blush to recall the childish delight, the thrill of joy afforded me by the sight and touch of the little rosy warm feet that have never trodden the wicked earth. How I watch them basking in the genial fire-glow; how I kiss them, and fondle them; how it is happiness enough to hold them both within my one hand, and to feel they live!

A little later, and his hair becomes his strong point; that tiny scrap of silken hair that just emerges from his cap. Never was there such a love-lock! It is smoothed down, parted on either side, parted on one side; there is no end to the fashions this morsel assumes, until it grows beneath my hand, and clusters in thick chestnut curls upon the boy's head. After this, the feet retire into complete obscurity, never being visible out of red shoes, blue shoes, sandled shoes, and so on, but once; that is, while he is still a little child, and kneeling in his bed-gown, with flushed cheeks and bare feet, at my knees, lisping my name in his evening prayer.

Soon after this innocent prayer I cease to see myself. I perceive all that is going on equally well, but I no longer have any connection with the scene; I am oppressed with a dreadful feeling of helplessness, and long to cry out and awaken. With an agony of entreaty, I try to fold the child in my arms, but they restrain him no more than the air. I struggle frantically even to touch him, to speak to him one word, to let him know that his own mother stands beside him. But the wind that goes whispering by bears away upon its wings my dull dumb moanings; the flickering fire-light traces no shadow of my outstretched hands. At this particular passage of my dream a picture that really hangs in my husband's study al-

ways shapes itself out of the thickening shadows. It is one of myself; a pale, sad face, with heavy eyes, not pretty, with no happy smiles and bright bloom, such as win children's love; and as they say to the boy that it is his mother's picture, I could find it in my foolish heart to weep bitterly that the painter had been so faithful; that he had not traced fresh, joyous beauty, radiant eyes, and star-encircled hair, so that the boy should think of a guardian-angel whenever he thought of his mother. This is, I think, at once the most sharply-defined and the silliest part of my vision; and soberly awake, I am ashamed to know that it is always here my tears flow with an unvarying certainty.

After this, it seems as if the doors that had shut us in together, opened on every side, and admitted strangers, the one who has taken my place in the house, even wearing things that I well know. She is a lady with a stately presence, and with but cold looks for the little ones I see gathering around her, an ill-restrained impatience of the lonely child in the distance. From this I generally fall into a dull torpor of unutterable distress, and see things for some time with all the hurried, flitting, meaningless gatherings and dispersings, intangible shifting, and general incoherence of dream-scenery; but in them all is the boy. He is a fine manly fellow with a grand head and proud, dark eyes; something about his mouth, too, of almost girlish sweetness, but as he grows up, settled into stern compression. For he grows up in this dream of mine, past the unloved childhood, through the dull school-days, unchecked by the bright intervals of home, that mark the year to other children with so many distinct epochs of happiness whereby to calculate the flying months, on into his premature manhood; so tall that it does, indeed, seem a wild fancy that I could ever have borne him in my arms; so care-worn in this his early youth that none but a mother's eye could detect the lingering traces of his childhood's innocence and repose.

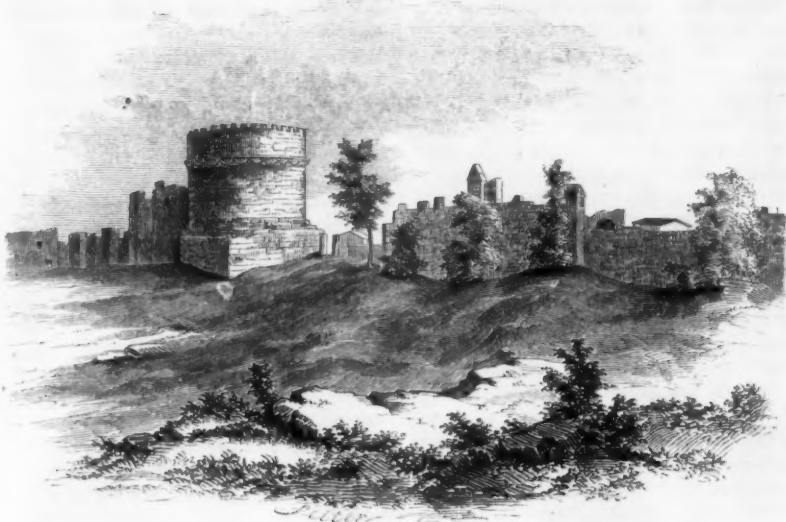
I do not know my son's age. In this wild confusion of time it gives me no astonishment to walk with him at one moment a little lad, with open collar and white throat, dusty, worn-out shoes, and bundle, trudging along the high-road, and turning his face from his father's house for-

ever; and the next to stand beside him in his poor chamber, a lonely, dejected man, over whose head years of disappointment have swept. And from this time I never lose sight of him continuously. By the dying fire-light, in the flickering gleam of his student-lamp, when the wind lifts up its voice and howls like a ravening animal waiting for its prey without, through the dreary nights when, like the Galilean fishermen, he toils in great deeps vainly; then it is given me to stand beside him; to lay my shadowy hands upon his aching head to soothe him, all wayworn as he is with his world-pilgrimage, into rest, to arise in his dreams from the far-off years, and bless him with the holy mother-love.

Here, as I do in my vision, I must stop abruptly. From this point it seems to me that a mist gradually intervenes between us, making things behind at first vague, and by degrees stealing upon their very outlines, and so blending them into an even darkness. Nor does this fading out of the details of my dream-fancy occasion me pain. In proportion as I see less clearly the keen sympathy of my interest decreases, and returns from following the fortunes of the child to a mere consciousness of unspeakable love lying dormant within my bosom; and this love brings him back quite naturally, and without mental effort, to my arms, a little, tender, helpless, sleeping thing, just as I see him first.

My dream thus always commencing and terminating in the same way, has led me to speak as if it were unvaryingly throughout the same, which is not the case. Indeed, why I should have selected such gloomy circumstances to surround him with, in preference to the many bright and joyous ones I see him as often the hero of, I do not know, except that, unconsciously, I have been influenced by a kind of vanity in setting down those that seemed most romantic among my silly fancies, or from the common instinct that makes a child of sorrow dearer to a mother, as I have heard mothers say, than any of her happy ones.

So, with a start, I awake. I am still sitting in the same place, but my fire-light has died into the darkness. It is cold and cheerless. I creep to my bed, and, like Rachel, weep for my children because they are *not*.



TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

## THE APPIAN WAY.

THE *Via Appia*! what visions of ruined tombs, fragments of sculpture, and of decaying human remains arise in the imagination of the traveler at the very mention of this name! This road was originally one of the most celebrated arteries of communication leading from the great capital of the Roman world. Through this the Roman legions passed to numerous conquests. It afforded communication not only with Southern Italy, but also with Greece and the more remote Eastern possessions of the empire. We read in the book of the Acts that when the apostle Paul visited Rome the brethren came out upon the Appian Way to meet him as far as the Three Taverns. Along the line of this road for the distance of many miles Roman tombs were placed; these were often compactly built, of various styles of architecture, forming a street of sepulchers. Some of these are of immense size, others moderate in their dimensions; a few have been identified by antiquaries; others present shapeless masses of brick and stone, about which are often thrown fragments of sculpture, empty sarcophagi, and blocks of marble. The Appian Way was commenced A. U. C. 442.

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We are indebted to the present pontiff for recent excavations, which have laid open to the traveler and archæologist this most interesting road, which was for centuries previous so obscured by the accumulation of soil that it was only distinguishable from the waste of the Campagna by its line of tombs.

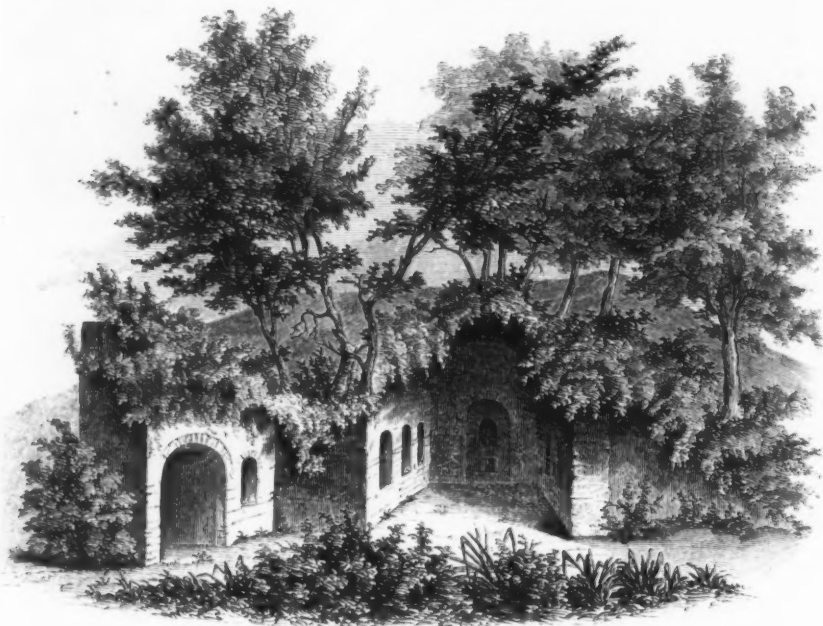
Now we are enabled to trace with accuracy portions of the ancient Roman pavement formed of blocks of volcanic lava, so compactly placed as to defy the centuries of time which have rolled over it. Whatever the Romans did seems to have been done with the firm conviction that theirs was an eternal city. In the newly uncovered pavement the ruts worn by the ancient Roman vehicles can be distinctly traced.

It was on a bright May morning that we passed out the Gate of St. Sebastian to loiter for a day amid the ruins of the Appian Way. So genial was the warmth of the sun, so brightly did it light up the ruined tombs, and so smiling were the wall flowers which peeped out from the broken clefts of the decaying structures, that the charms of nature reacted against the sentiment of gloom which pervade this solemn place.

We stopped for a time at the little church of "Domine quo Vadis." The tradition is that this edifice covers the ground upon which St. Peter in his flight from Rome met our Saviour, to whom he addressed the words "*Domine quo Vadis?*" To which he replied, "*Venio Romanam. Iterum Crucifegi.*" In the center of the church is a marble slab bearing a representation of the feet of the Saviour, which are said to have marked the stone where he stood. The original in black lava is highly treasured in the Basilica of St. Sebastian.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,  
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity."

The tomb of Cæcilia Metella is one of the most imposing objects of the Appian Way. Standing upon a height, from its circular form and massive construction it arrests the attention at once. The battlements by which it is surmounted show the profanation to which it has been subjected in other ages.



THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

"What was this tower of strength? Within its cave  
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave."

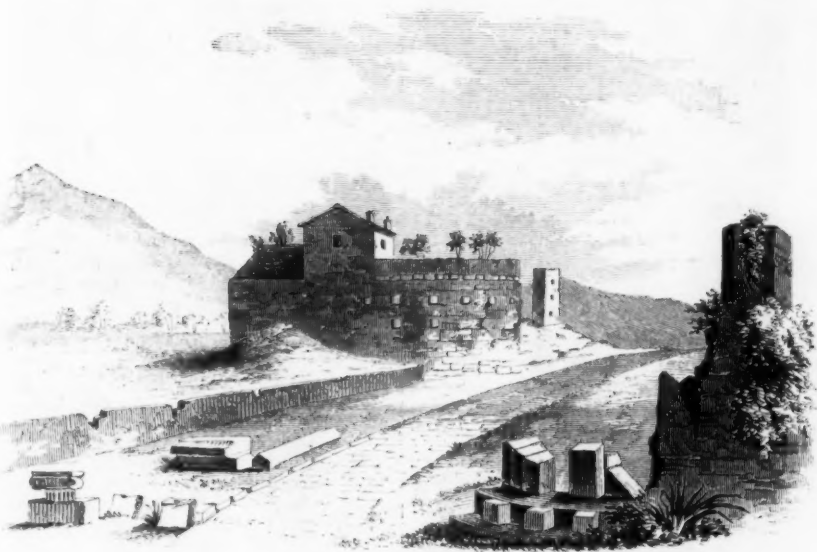
Sir Walter Scott has said of the author of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," that "the voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined arches of Carthage than the strains of the pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer."

The traveler cannot visit the Eternal City without being struck with the wonderful power of Byron's descriptions. His residence at Rome, although for such

a brief period, (some ten days only, it is said,) seems to have so inspired him that we may look in vain for descriptions to equal his. Who has ever looked upon Mount Soracte without being overpowered by the magical truthfulness of the exquisite image which it suggests to his mind? He says that Soracte

"From out the plain  
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing."

The once splendid mausoleum known as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella was erected B. C. 66. The circular tower is seventy

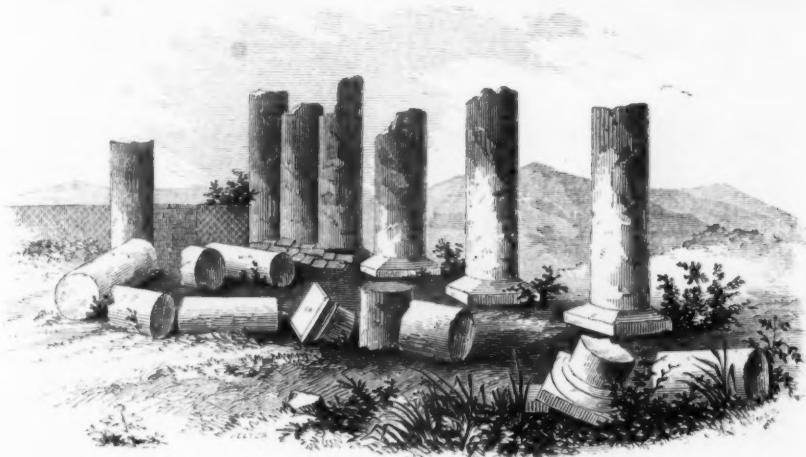


THE CASAL ROTUNDO.

feet in diameter, resting upon a massive quadrangular substructure. The basement is composed of small stones and fragments of brick united by mortar of Pozzuolana, the whole strengthened by large keystones of travertine. The circular portion is formed of square blocks of travertine, fitted without cement. The frieze and cornice are elaborate, over which a conical roof is said to have

sprung. The battlements which appear in the drawing have usurped its place, and were built in the thirteenth century.

A short walk from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, across the Campagna, passing the ancient Circus of Romulus, brought us to the Fountain of Egeria. Perhaps the greatest interest with which this place is clothed is derived from the tradition that "it represents the grove and sacred fount-



THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES.



ain where Numa held his nightly consultations with his nymph, and which he dedicated to the Muses, in order that they might there hold counsel with Egeria." Livy is the authority for this tradition. Juvenal also mentions his visit to this valley, and complains that "its original simplicity had been destroyed by artificial ornaments."

The ruin is now clothed with a rich garment of ivy, of moss, and trees, which droop over its opening, producing a singularly picturesque effect. It was the custom of the Romans, until within a few years, to repair to this spot on the first Sunday in May to drink the water, which they believed to possess peculiar virtues. The researches of modern antiquaries have had the effect to detract much from the interest of this picturesque ruin.

But the quiet seclusion and picturesque beauty of the place render the traveler unwilling to be convinced of the uncertainty of the tradition. Mr. Hilliard says:

"The legend of Numa is one of the most genuine flowers of poetry that ever started from the hard rock of the Roman mind. It is the symbol of a truth which psychology teaches and history confirms, that periods of solitary self-communion are necessary preparations for the claims and duties of active life; and that he who would influence men permanently and for good must draw alike from the depths of his own spirit, and from the inspiration of a power higher than himself his elements of encouragement and support."

As I left the solitary vale and glanced back upon its picturesque beauty, the words came to my mind, to which I heartily responded:

"Whatso'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth."

The Casal Rotundo is situated at a distance of about six miles from Rome. This immense circular sepulcher is by far the most colossal tomb outside the walls of the city. It was erected by Aurelius Cotta Messalinus to the memory of his father, M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, the orator and friend of Augustus and Horace, who died in the eleventh year of the present era. This was one of the most wealthy and influential of the great senatorian families of Rome. In the sketch, it will be observed, there is not only a house and barn upon it, but an olive grove of some extent. The tomb is three hundred and thirty-six feet in diameter.

The whole was originally covered with a pyramidal roof of travertine slabs.

The ruined Temple of Hercules, upon the Appian Way, is situated about eight miles distant from Rome. It is supposed to be that dedicated by Domitian to Hercules, and to which Martial alludes in his epigrams.

## FLOWERS.

THEY spring unnoticed and unknown,  
Mid rocky wilds they bloom,  
They flourish mid the desert lone,  
They deck the silent tomb.  
They cheer the peasant's lowly cot,  
Adorn the monarch's hall,  
They fill each quiet, shady spot—  
O, who can tell them all!

Some o'er the murmur'ing streamlet fling  
Their blossoms bright and fair,  
And there, in vernal beauty, spring,  
Fann'd by the fragrant air.  
Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves  
In silent grandeur grow,  
Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,  
But still in beauty bow.

Some where the eagle builds her nest,  
Where man has never trod,  
Where even the chamois dare not rest  
Upon the crumbling sod—  
Yes, there, even there, wild flow'rets grow  
In richest dress array'd,  
And o'er the clamorous eaglets, throw  
Their light and graceful shade.

Mid mountains of perpetual snow,  
By icy girdles bound,  
Some render'd doubly beauteous, glow,  
And deck the frozen ground.  
And mid cold winter's angry storm  
The snow-drop rears its head,  
And shows its pure, unspotted form  
When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night  
Their grateful odors send;  
While others, children of the light,  
To day their perfume lend.  
Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,  
'Neath India's sultry skies;  
Mid Iceland's mountains chill and lone,  
The forms of others rise.

The stately fern, the golden broom,  
The lily, tall and fair—  
All these in rich succession bloom,  
And scent the summer air.  
In secret dell, by murmur'ing rill—  
In gardens bright and gay—  
Within the valley—on the hill—  
Flowers cheer our toilsome way!  
Flowers image forth the boundless love  
God bears his children all,  
Which ever droppeth from above  
Upon the great and small;  
Each blossom that adorns our path,  
So joyful and so fair,  
Is but a drop of love divine,  
That fell and flourish'd there.

PERFUMES.

**H**AVE any of the uninitiated ever had an idea how perfumes were obtained from flowers? It is to many a mystery, an occult art, a pretty kind of alchemy, a mild witchcraft. There is a rough notion of machines, like miniature wine-presses, where the flowers were squeezed, and bruised, and mangled, and made to give up their perfumes in a rude, masterful manner; though it is puzzling to think how *mignonette*, or sweet pea, or any other flower which lost its odor when crushed or dead, could be treated thus to any advantage. The mystery, however, is now cleared up. Mr. Septimus Piesse, analytical chemist, has written a book treating of perfumes, their modes of preparation and their manner of combination; and whoever reads it may emerge from ignorance respecting perfumery. It is an old subject. Apollonius, of Herophila, wrote a treatise on perfume. He says:

"The iris is best at Elis, and at Cyzicus; perfume from roses is most excellent at Phsalis, Naples, and Capua; that made from crocuses is in highest perfection at Soli, in Cilicia, and at Rhodes; the essence of spikenard is best at Tanius; the extract of vine leaves at Cyprus, and at Adramyttium; the best perfume from marjoram and from apples comes from Cos; Egypt bears the palm for its essence of Cypirus, and the next best is the Cyprian and Phenician, and after them comes the Sidonian; the perfume called Panathenaicum is made at Athens; and those called Metopian and Mendesian are prepared with the greatest skill in Egypt. Still the superior excellence of each perfume is owing to the purveyors, and the materials, and the artists, and not to the place itself."

The ancients indulged in perfumes much more luxuriously than we do. Mr. Sidney Whiting, in his imaginative and scholarly production, *Heliondé, or Adventures in the Sun*, fancifully describes the inhabitants of that orb as sustaining life solely upon sweet scents. The more prosaic Mr. Piesse tells us the manufacturing and trade secrets of perfumes.

There are, it appears, four modes of obtaining the perfumes of plants and flowers. The first is by expression—a mode only adopted when the plant is very prolific in its volatile or essential oil; that is, in its odor. The outer rind or pellicle of the lemon, orange, citron, and a few others of the same class, is chiefly subjected to this process. The parts to be expressed are

put in a cloth bag, and placed under a screw press; sometimes laid, without any bag at all, on the perforated plate through which the oil is to run. When all the oil is expressed, it is left standing in a quiet place for some time, to allow it to separate itself from the water which came with it. It is then poured off and strained.

The second method is by distillation—a method used for lavender, cloves, seeds, herbs, but not for the rarer flowers, the odors of which are lost by heat; only to be gained, indeed, by loving contact and careful influence. The only notable fact in this process of distillation is that, in France, they apply fire directly to the still; in England, they distill by steam. Excepting for this difference, this mode of chemical manipulation is too well known to need description here. The fire applied directly to the still sometimes gives a burned odor to the distillate, which is not entirely disagreeable in some combinations.

Maceration is the third process. Purified beef or deer suet is placed with purified lard in a clean metal or porcelain pan, a *bain Marie*, or steam pan. When melted, the flowers required to be used are thrown in and left to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours; the liquid fat is then strained, and fresh flowers are added. This is repeated as often as is necessary; and the pomatum obtained therefrom is known as six, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four, according to the strength of the odor. For perfumed oil the same process is gone through; fine olive oil only being substituted for lard and suet. The oils made thus are called *Huile à la rose*, *à la fleur d'orange*, etc. Orange, rose, and cassie are prepared thus; violet and *réséda* are begun thus, and finished by *enfleurage*.

This is the daintiest method of all. *Enfleurage*, or absorption, is very little practiced in England, though uniformly used in France for all the finest odors. Square frames with glass bottoms, called *châsses*, are spread with a layer of fat about a quarter of an inch thick; then sprinkled abundantly with flowers. They are suffered to remain forty-eight hours, when a fresh supply of the spent and exhausted blossoms is given; which process is repeated over and over again until the pomatum is sufficiently powerfully scented. For perfumed oil, coarse cotton cloths are saturated with fine olive oil, and laid on

frames of wire gauze. These are treated in the same manner as the châsses; and, when thoroughly perfumed, are placed under a screw press and the oil wrung from them—rich, sweet, flowery oil, such as Juno or Venus might have used, and been proud of, too.

The south of Europe is the perfumer's Dorado. Cannes and Nice are the principal flower-growing places; for there the flower farmer may have any climate he will within a short distance one of the other, and so produce on the mild sea-coast the cassie, which one night's frost further inland would destroy for a whole season; while, at the foot of the mountains, his violets are sweeter than if they were grown in the sheltered valleys, where his orange blossoms and mignonette are brought to perfection.

Odors are extracted from various parts of plants and flowers; different in different kinds. Some, indeed, are more varied in their odoriferous elements. For instance, the orange-tree gives three distinct scents, and most flowers give two, according to their manner of preparation. From the leaves of the orange-tree comes petit grain; from the flowers, neroli; from the rind, the essential oil known as Portugal. Again, the orange-flower or neroli, macerated in pomade, is known as orange-flower pomatum. This, chopped up fine and put into rectified spirit, makes *extrait de fleur d'orange*, which Mr. Piesse says cannot, with closed eyes, be distinguished from the original, and which is one of the most valuable bases to the perfumer—passing, with slight modifications, for sweet-pea, magnolia, and scents of that class. Orange-flowers distilled with water give the otto known as oil of neroli; when procured from the flowers of the *Citrus aurantium*, called neroli petale; when from the flowers of the *Citrus bigaradia*, or Seville orange, called neroli bigarade, and ranked of second quality. The petit grain, a quite different odor, is extracted from the leaves and the young, unripe fruit of various species of citrons, and is used for scenting soaps. The neroli petale and bigarade help to form Hungary water and eau de Cologne. The water which was used in distilling the oil of neroli, when freed from oil, is imported as eau de fleur d'orange, a cheap and fragrant cosmetic of three qualities. The first is made from the distilled flowers; the second, of the water used in distilling

the oil of neroli; and the third from the leaves, stems, and young, unripe fruit of every kind of orange-tree. They are easily tested; the first turning rose-color under a few drops of sulphuric acid; the second turning rose-color too, when quite fresh; but, after a short time, this chemical result and the aroma both disappear; the third does not change its color at all under sulphuric acid, and smells more of lemon than of orange. The orange flowers are grown at Cannes for pomade, and at Nice for distillation.

Cassie is another valuable agent in the perfumer's repertoire, though not so extensively used as it might be, since it grows exclusively at Cannes, belonging neither to Nice nor to Grasse. Cassie and cassia are often confounded together; but they are totally different. Cassia is made from the outer bark of the *Laurus cassia*, is not unlike cinnamon in odor, being aromatic and spicy rather than flowery, and is principally used in military soap. Cassie is procured by maceration from the *Acacia farnesiana*. It is to be found in most of the best handkerchief bouquets, but alone is sickly sweet, and of an intense violet odor. Allspice, called also pimento, is got by distilling the dried, unripe fruit of *Eugenia pimenta* and *Myrtus pimenta*; it also is chiefly used for scenting soap, on account of its supposed medicinal qualities. Who does not know the magic virtues attributed to almond paste? But the largest amount of the almond perfume of commerce comes from distilled laurel leaves and the kernels of stone-fruit; also from the skin of bitter almonds. The essential oil of almonds is got from the nut itself; first pressed into a cake, then moistened with salt and water; from the fermentation of this is produced the amygdalin and emulsine contained in the almonds. Laurel leaves and other analogous substances give the same results under the like treatment. Fourteen pounds of this almond cake yield one ounce of essential oil, which then must be diluted with spirit to become pleasant: the concentrated essence being too powerful to be tolerable. It is much used in soap, cold cream, etc., being esteemed as a good cosmetic. Miribane is imitated oil of almonds, made from benzole, (a product of tar oil,) and patented by Mr. Mansfield of Weybridge. This miribane was used for perfuming soap; but it did not succeed; and, after a short

time, the license was withdrawn: since when mirbane, or, chemically speaking, nitro-benzole, has not been applied to any of the general uses of perfumery.

Bergamot, again, is one of the indispensable agents in a perfumatory. Obtained by expression from the rind of *Citrus bergamia*, it forms the basis of most bouquets. In the celebrated Ess bouquet it is a leading element, though well covered by orris and other ingredients. It is best preserved in closely stoppered bottles, kept cool and dark; which remark applies to all perfumes, excepting rose. The honey soap, which made so many believe in the advent of a cosmetic specific, is but fine yellow soap mixed with citronella; and citronella comes from the distilled leaves of the *Andropogon schenonthus*, a weed ranking wild in Ceylon. Dill water, sacred to nurseries, when mixed with rose-water, makes likewise a good cosmetic; the oil of dill also perfumes soap. Cloves perfume soap, as well as aid in forming bouquets. *Rondeletia* (the Guards' Bouquet) owe their peculiar odor, in chief part, to the oil of cloves they contain. Indeed, many of our most valuable culinary spices are also valuable perfumatory ingredients; mace, (for soaps and sachets;) nutmeg, (otto of nutmeg is one of the principal ingredients in all the frangipanni series;) cinnamon; caraway seeds for soaps and sachets; dried fennel herbs; vanilla; lemon; marjoram—forming orig-eat oil, used for Tablet Monstre Soap, and by French soap-makers generally; rue, rosemary, mint, and sage; all these serve double duty, one in the kitchen, and one in the still-room of the olden times—in the perfumatory of the modern; besides other herbs which we have not space to enumerate.

Some of our sweetest flowers are not available. Eglantine and sweet-brier can only be imitated, the perfume being destroyed under any process possible. Spirituous extract of rose pomade, of cassie, and of fleur d'orange, esprit de rose, verbina, and neroli oils, are the ingredients which very fairly imitate the eglantine of the summer hedges. Lily of the valley is another unextracted, but imitated odor—extract of tuberose, jasmine, fleur d'orange, vanilla, cassie, and rose, with otto of almonds, making up the masque of this sweetest perfume. Lilies are found to be too powerful, and are not used, though

Mr. Piesse says, they might well be brought into combination with other odors; as, indeed, seems patent, even to the ignorant. Wall-flower is not used, but it is imitated; that most delicious fragrance of the clove pink also is only imitated; sweet pea, again, is made out of tuberose, fleur d'orange, rose pomade, vanilla, but of real sweet pea there is none; myrtle is rarely genuine, and magnolia is too expensive to be genuine; but both are imitated, not unaply; heliotrope and honeysuckle come under the same category, but Mr. Piesse gives instructions for pomade and extract of heliotrope which we trust will be carried into practice. No perfume would have a greater success than genuine heliotrope, judging by the universal love accorded to the flower. Mignonette alone does not give a useful essence. It wants violet, or extract of tolu, to bring it up to market odor. M. March, of Nice, has a spécialité for essence of mignonette; but it does not answer, on the whole, as a trade perfume. Essence of pine-apple is butyrate of ethyl-oxide diluted with alcohol; apple oil is valerianate of amyloxyde; and an alcoholic collection of acetate of amyloxyde gives the fragrance of pears, which few people could distinguish from the real odor. But these are confectioners' secrets, rather than perfumers'.

Scents are not only imitated; they are adulterated. Thus, the leaves of the *Geranium odoratissimum*—the sweet, rose-smelling geranium—are used to adulterate the otto of roses sent out from France. And this geranium, in its turn, is adulterated with ginger-grass oil—*andropogon*—which makes a profitable kind of cheater; seeing that real geranium fetches about twelve shillings the ounce, while ginger-grass oil is worth the same amount the pound. *Syringa* makes orange pomatum; and pure violet essence is scarcely to be had. It is to be had, but only at special places, and at an exorbitant price. Cassie, esprit de rose, tincture of orris, tuberose, and otto of almonds, make up three fourths of the essence of violet bought by the unwary. It reads strangely, this adulteration of flower scents! It is a sad adoption into the perfumatory of the tricks of the trade current in less beautiful manufactures.

Of all extracts, jasmine is one of the most delicious. A fine sample of six ounces, in the Tunisian department of the

Crystal Palace, was worth nine pounds the ounce. The odor is obtained by enfleurage; as, indeed, how should any other process be employed for a flower so sweet, so fair, so pure? Tuberose, the sweetest flower for scent that blows, is another of the luscious extracts obtained by enfleurage, but needing to be fixed by a less volatile essence. Tuberose alone flies at once; but fixed by vanilla, or some other strong and enduring scent, it is one of the most valuable of the whole list, entering largely into the composition of almost all the most fragrant and popular bouquets. As to these fixing scents, storax, benzoin and tolu, musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitivert (kus-kus) are the principal ones used; orris especially in the Jockey Club bouquet; in all fashionable dentifrices—in the famous odonto above all—and the rest in their degree in very nearly every composition known. Less pure in scent, but more potent and more enduring than jasmine or tuberose, the leaves and stem of that Eastern herb, patchouli, are also of invaluable service to the perfumer. We all remember the rage there was for this scent a short time ago; and how the whole world was delighted with patchouli in essence and patchouli in powder, patchouli sachets and patchouli bouquets, till one grew almost to loathe the very name of the sweet scent; which, when well disguised and well accompanied, gives such delicious results. The peculiar scent of Chinese and Indian ink is owing to patchouli and camphor; and the test of the real Indian shawl used to be this strange odor, which had not then found its way into the Western world. The shawl could be imitated, but not the perfume; so that all knowing purchasers of true Cashmeres judged by the sense of smell as well as by those of touch and sight. And they could not be deceived in this. Now, with patchouli in the market, and with such splendid fabrics in our looms, who is to know the true Cashmere of the Indies from the spurious Cashmere of Paisley or Glasgow? Vitivert, or kus-kus, the rhizome of an Indian grass, is another importation, which leaves us in doubt as to how the perfuming world existed without it. The famous Mousseline des Indes, which made Delcroix's fortune, was chiefly extract of vitivert; and the Maréchal Bouquet and the Bouquet du Roi owe their characteristic scents to this plant also.

We have spoken of otto of roses, which comes principally from the East. But there is a very sweet, if somewhat peculiar, otto of roses, made of the Provence rose, grown at Cannes and Grasse; the peculiarity of the odor arising, it is said, from bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rose-beds. The perfume is obtained by maceration and enfleurage. When the powder, chopped fine, is dropped into rectified spirit, it is called esprit de rose. Rose-water is made at Mitcham, in Surrey, but not of any great excellence; lavender and peppermint—the last-named herb, by the by, is the basis of the celebrated Eau botot—holding supremacy there. Peppermint is dearer and more prized, because less cultivated, abroad, than in England. It is the mouth-wash of the continent generally. Speaking of herbs, rosemary is largely used in eau de Cologne and in Hungary water; and sassafras, in a weak solution, is the renowned eau Athénienne, which is supposed to cure all hair defects whatsoever.

Snuff is perfumed by tonquin bean; the odor heightened by ammonia. Smelling salts are made of ammonia, ambergris, musk, civet; and other ingenious sachets have in them orris, vitivert, rhodium, santal-wood, patchouli in powder, ottos of rose, neroli, santal; musk-pods, ground, and civet too; tonquin beans, cloves, rose leaves. All the perfumes, in fact, which can be reduced to powder, moistened with a few drops of otto. For pastil, benzoin and olibanum; the last used chiefly in the Greek church; believed also to be good for ophthalmia, and a specific for consumption. But far more ingredients are used than these. Santal-wood, gum benzoin and tolu, otto of santal, cassia, and of cloves; nitrate of potass, and mucilage of tragacantha are the ingredients of the Indian or yellow pastils. Cascarilla, myrrh, chanval, otto of cloves and of nutmegs, vanilla, neroli; carraway, rose, thyme, lavender ottos, are among the recipes given for the rest. But it is to be remembered that the burning material is charcoal, and that, after all, a pastil is simply scented charcoal. Mr. Piesse says:

"There is an octave of odors like an octave in music; certain odors coincide like the keys of an instrument. Such as almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, orange, rue, and verberna, forming a



higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The metaphor is completed by what we are pleased to call semi-odors, such as rose and rose geranium for the half-note; petit grain neroli, a black key, followed by fleur d'orange. Then we have patchouli, santal wood, and vitivert, and many others running into each other. From the odors already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportion, the smell of almost any flower except jasmine."

Is jasmine, then, the mystical Merù—the center, the Delphi, the Omphalos of the floral world? Is it the point of departure—the one unapproachable and indivisible unit of fragrance? Is jasmine the Isis of flowers, with veiled face and covered feet, to be loved of all, yet discovered by none? Beautiful jasmine! If it be so, the rose ought to be dethroned, and the Inimitable enthroned queen in her stead. Revolutions and abdications are exciting sports; suppose we create a civil war among the gardens, and crown the jasmine empress and queen of all?

## THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

### ENOCH—THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

LET us turn our thoughts to the state of our world previous to that memorable event in its history, the general Deluge. Of the celebrated personages who flourished previous to that catastrophe, that is, during the first thousand years of the world's existence, we have little more than the names, and in some instances a few of the more prominent characteristics. Like shadows, they pass before us; and, with exceptions, few and far between, their history is summed up by the sacred writer in the fearful words, God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. Gen. vi, 5.

We propose, therefore, merely to glance at the general aspect of society in those days, and to assign some reasons for this abounding wickedness.

Of the number of inhabitants upon our earth at the time referred to, we can, of course, make no positive assertion. There are several circumstances, however, which go far to show that at this time the human race had multiplied to an extent far beyond what a superficial observer would be led to imagine. And first, there is no evidence that previous to the Deluge there

was much sickness among men. It is not likely that in those days death called away, as he has since done, the babe, the child, the youth. Those who were born, with probably very few exceptions, grew up to manhood, and lived to a good old age. Their diet was simple; their employments healthful; their climate salubrious, probably in a far higher degree than that of any part of our earth since the subsiding of the waters of the Deluge. For whether we agree, or not, with the supposition of ingenious men, that the position and motion of our earth with respect to the sun were then changed; and that, previous to the Flood, the world's temperature was everywhere uniform and mild and equal, that event had, beyond a doubt, a very great influence upon the climates of the earth. Then, again, the decrepitude of old age did not steal upon man with the rapidity it now does. With the exception of Enoch, who was translated in the three hundred and sixty-fifth year of his age, the average life of the patriarchs previous to Noah exceeds nine hundred years. Adam, the great progenitor of our race, lived nine hundred and thirty years, and saw his descendants to the eighth generation, being himself cotemporary with Lamech, the father of Noah. If, then, we take these facts into consideration, we shall find little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the world, in the time of Noah, was well peopled; perhaps quite as populous as it has ever been at any one time since his day.

With regard to the *animal creation* that existed upon our earth previous to the Deluge, there can be no doubt that it included with all that we now have a great many which are and have been for ages entirely extinct. Bones, and, in some instances, fossil remains, entire skeletons of animals, utterly unknown, have been discovered in various parts of the world; and of late years natural philosophers have made this matter a subject of study and profound investigation. Cuvier describes an elephant which, in his own language, differed from the elephants of our day as the horse differs from the ass; I suppose in size, and probably in symmetry and in fleetness. Its skeletons are found in Northern Asia in great numbers. Bones of animals resembling the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, but evidently differing from those now known, have been

discovered in various parts of Europe. In our own country, on the banks of the Ohio and in lower Louisiana, have been found the fossil remains of huge monsters, to which have been given the names of mastodon and mammoth. All these, with we know not how many others, existed in the antediluvian world, and have been suffered by the great Creator, doubtless for wise reasons, to exist no longer.

There were cities in those days, for of Cain it is said that after he went out from the presence of the Lord, he dwelt in the land of Nod, eastward of Eden, a country generally supposed to have been Susiana; and that, while dwelling there, he built a city which he called Enoch, in honor of his son. Of Jabal, the son of Lamech, we are told that he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle; that is, he was the first who invented tent-making, and who devoted himself to the raising of cattle on a large scale. His brother, Jubal, was the inventor of musical instruments. The harp and the organ are especially mentioned as among his inventions. Tubal-Cain, another son of Lamech, was a smith, a celebrated artificer in brass and iron, and is generally supposed to have been the original from whom the ancient Greeks and Romans derived their fancied God, Vulcan. The transition from Tubal-Cain to Vulcan is natural and easy.

In turning our attention to the state of the arts among the antediluvians we must of course be confined to the brief narrative given to us by the sacred writer. We have no other data, and if any other record ever existed, it has long since perished.

That they had in those days some knowledge of mathematical science, and of the art of ship building, is evident from the directions given to Noah, and the manner in which he carried out those directions; and from these rather incidental allusions it would seem that already men had sought out many inventions. It is probable that many arts flourished in those early ages of which every trace has been irrecoverably lost. Our subject relates more especially, however, to the *moral* state of the antediluvian world, and we inquire, what it was, and its probable causes.

The language of the sacred historian above quoted implies, evidently, that the people were in a *state* of wickedness. All

was corrupt within, and all unrighteous without; neither the science nor the practice of religion existed. They were not only wicked, but their wickedness was great, so great as to justify the assertion, All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

But not only was their conduct evil to such a degree that the earth was filled with violence, even the thoughts, the imaginations of the heart were also evil, and that continually. From the time of Seth to that of Noah it would seem as if this wickedness had gone on increasing, and in all the intermediate record there appears but one solitary name standing out as an exception to the general rule. I refer, of course, to him of whom it is said, He walked with God, to Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who in the very midst of this corruption maintained his integrity, and, like a light shining in a dark place, attracts attention to himself, while at the same time he serves to disclose the extreme corruption of his fellow-men. For the long space of three hundred years did Enoch maintain the uprightness of his character. But, alas! his bright example was unheeded, and at length God called him away, translated him from earth to heaven without tasting death. Enoch, moreover, as we learn from St. Jude, was a prophet, and warned his fellow-men of a coming judgment. Behold, said he, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all. Thus early in the world's history was the doctrine of a future day of reckoning made known, and thus fearlessly did this man of God proclaim to his fellows the fate which awaited them in a future world if they continued in their career of guilt. His preaching, however, had but little effect, for wickedness abounded, and vice reigned triumphant.

First among the causes of this extreme corruption, we may place the neglect of the public worship of God consequent upon the murder of Abel and the departure of Cain from the presence of the Lord.

It appears from this language, that there was, at that early period, a place wherein God more especially manifested his presence, and where those who worshiped him were wont to receive signal displays of his approbation. After the death of Abel and the sentence of the Almighty had been pronounced upon the murderer, it is said,

Cain went out from the presence of the Lord. That is, he forsook that place where the symbols of the Divine presence were manifested, and with his descendants probably neglected the public worship of God entirely. This fact will readily account for much of that vice and prodigious wickedness which prevailed, and which went on increasing from year to year.

To see this in a strong light, let us for a moment imagine a similar case. Let us suppose that here, among ourselves, all public recognition of God, all public worship were abandoned. Let the temples erected to Jehovah be desecrated, or thrown down; let the voice of prayer cease, and the melody of thanksgiving be unheard; blot out the Sabbath as a day of rest and devotion. Carry the revolution still further. Let no more incense ascend from the family altar, and suppose every head of a family, like Cain, to depart from the presence of the Lord, to throw off all fear, to restrain prayer, and to neglect to teach the rising generation that there is a God. What, let us ask, in five hundred, or even in fifty years, would be our moral condition? Is it not evident that, as in the case before us, the wickedness of man would become great, and ere long every imagination of the thoughts of his heart would be evil, only evil continually?

Nor need we depend merely on supposition for an answer to this question. The pages of modern history answer it, and present a spectacle rivaling, though on a smaller scale, that which the whole earth presented at the time referred to. I allude to France in those days when God's appointed Sabbath gave place to the Decades instituted by the wisdom of men: when the sanctuaries of Jehovah were converted into stables; the Bible paraded through the streets upon an ass and consumed in a bonfire; the immortality of the soul ridiculed and denied; death declared to be an *eternal sleep*; and that sentence inscribed upon the entrance to their cemeteries and their graveyards.

How does the soul sicken at the contemplation of the scene then presented! Fraud and violence, obscenity, blasphemy, rapine, lust, and blood—a thick cloud darkening the heavens and portending vengeance! The world gazed with awe; and if angels beheld the scene, it must have been with increased wonder at the forbearance of the Almighty.

Again, the matrimonial connections between the righteous and the wicked was another prominent cause of the extreme degeneracy of mankind. We have been considering hitherto the descendants of Cain only. But while they had abandoned altogether the worship of the true God, by Seth, the third son of Adam and his posterity, the worship of God was maintained; and in the days of his son Enos, it is said, men began to call upon the name of the Lord. The meaning of the inspired writer is, that in his days the first separation was made between the true worshipers and the profane descendants of Cain and his associates. The family of Seth, on account of their adherence to the true religion, were called the sons of God; while the descendants of Cain and the other branches of the family who united with them, were styled the sons of men. This gives a clear and consistent interpretation to a passage which has had a very fanciful exposition by those who have imagined that by the sons of God here spoken of, the angels are intended. It came to pass, says the historian, when men began to multiply on the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose. An allusion is here made to those matrimonial connections between the righteous and the wicked, to which I have adverted, as a second cause of the abounding wickedness of mankind. While the descendants of Seth, the children of God, as they were called, kept themselves apart and declined to unite with the apostate stock, religion continued in its purity, the overflowings of vice were restrained, and they were as the salt of the earth. In process of time, however, this separating barrier was broken down, alliances and connections were formed between them, and, as has generally been the case under similar circumstances, the good degenerated and the bad became worse. Alluding to the almost necessary effects of such unions, the Israelites, in a subsequent age, were, by God's positive law, prohibited from contracting marriages with the Canaanites and the surrounding nations. Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. In the same spirit, and for the same reason, the apostle en-

joins upon Christians the avoiding of such matrimonial alliances: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath Christ with Belial? or what communion hath light with darkness? or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

Another cause of the abounding wickedness of mankind at this early age, seems to be indicated by the sacred writer when he says, There were giants in those days. A difference of opinion on this subject has, indeed, prevailed among those who have professed to interpret the inspired record. Some contend, that by the phrase rendered giants, we are not to understand men of greater stature and strength than ordinary; while others present equally plausible arguments for the contrary opinion.

One thing is certain, that there have been individuals of more than ordinary height and strength in various parts of the world is confirmed by the writers of profane as well as sacred history. The Israelites who were sent to view the promised land reported, on their return, that there they saw the sons of Anak, which came of, or were descended from, the giants, and we were, they say, in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight. Goliath of Gath, who defied the armies of the living God, must have been at least nine feet high. In the army of Frederic the Great there was a Swede eight feet and a half, and Maximinian, the Roman emperor, was of the same stature. History tells us also that in the reign of Claudius, a giant named *Galbara* was brought to Rome from the coast of Africa, who was ten feet high, and an instance is cited by Goropius of a female who was of equal stature. Whether, however, we agree with those who favor the literal interpretation of the word, or incline to the opinion that the giants alluded to were men celebrated for violence and crime rather than for bodily strength or stature, is comparatively of little moment so far as concerns the argument before us.

It has been well observed that the consciousness of superior or supernatural strength in persons who have not the fear of God, naturally disposes to a degree of violence and oppression; and that those giants of whom Moses speaks abused their powers to these purposes is evidently im-

plied in the sacred history. The strong oppressed the weak, and made their superiority an instrument for establishing unjust domination and tyranny, until the whole earth became a scene of rapine, injustice, and cruelty. The earth, says the sacred writer, was filled with violence, presenting, in all probability, a scene of which a faint resemblance is found in those regions where man claims despotic power over the bodies and souls of his fellows,

"Devotes his brother and destroys;  
And worse than all, and most to be deplored  
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast."

I observe, in the next place, as a cause of the abounding iniquity of the human race at the period referred to, the duration of human life. As we have seen, in those days men lived to an extreme age. They numbered their years by centuries. The hour of death and the retributions of eternity were to them afar off. In our own time, when the ordinary average of human life is not one tenth what it then was, and when men are perhaps tenfold more exposed to sudden death, how seldom do men pause in their career to meditate upon the grave! How feeble is the warning that a funeral gives! how unheeded the last sound that comes up from the coffin, when pattering upon its lid earth is consigned to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Much fainter, doubtless, were such impressions among the antediluvians. If men can now shake off so easily all thoughts of death when, at the most, a hundred years will wind up their destiny, how comparatively inefficient must such thoughts have been when the probability extended to nine hundred or a thousand years.

Then, again, evil habits invariably tend to become more and more permanent with the lapse of time. As years rolled on in the history of the wicked before the flood vice took a firmer and still firmer hold, just as

"The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground."

When man at the present time reaches his sixtieth or seventieth year, not only does the infirmity of age palsy, to a great extent, his bodily powers, but in great measure he loses the faculty of receiving pleas-

ure and gratification from those vices in which he once indulged. With the antediluvians, as we have seen, the case was otherwise. Century after century rolled on, and still they retained the vigor of manhood. They became giants in iniquity and monsters in wickedness.

For an illustration, suppose that the men who, by their crimes, and thirst for blood, have been able, in the short space of ten or twenty years, to convert the region around them into a hell—the actors in the hideous drama of the French revolution, for instance; suppose the lives of such men to have been prolonged to that of those who lived before the flood, and that they should have gone on, for all this length of time, continually increasing in wickedness, and you have some idea of the meaning of the sacred writer, and sufficient to account for their amazing wickedness.

We shall see in a future essay the vengeance of God let loose upon these pristine inhabitants of earth when the cup of their iniquity was full. In the meantime let us bear in mind that we dwell in the midst of much greater light and of far higher privileges than they enjoyed, and that just in proportion to our advantages is our responsibility to our God. Are we in the midst of sin and iniquity abounding on every hand? Do we meet everywhere with vice and the contagion of evil example? Let us remember that there is no necessity laid upon us to *follow* such examples, and that upon our own heads will rest forever our own guilt and our own condemnation. Look at Enoch, the father of a family, with all the cares and anxieties of life resting upon him; alone in the midst of this mass of corruption, with none to aid him in his efforts to gain the crown of endless life. See, he walks with God.

“Still faithful found,  
Faithful among the faithless—faithful only he—  
Unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he keeps, his love, his zeal,  
Nor numbers, nor example with him move  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
Mind, though single and alone.”

Let a century pass on; look again, there is Enoch with his eye still fixed on heaven, his hope still blooming with immortality. And yet another hundred years have passed, and where is Enoch? I see him still; that is his voice that rises above the surging

blasphemies around him; that warns the ungodly of their impending doom, and invites them to leave the vanities of earth and to share his overflowing cup of bliss. Shall we look again? yes, the third century has passed away, and where is Enoch? See, the heavens open; he ascends, he enters the mansions of rest while the cherubic host shout him welcome, into the immediate presence of his Father and his God. Blessed Enoch! may we imitate thy conduct here, that we may share in thy joys hereafter.

### A LADRONE ADVENTURE IN THE CANTON RIVER.

OFTEN has our youthful imagination gloated over the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of bandits and pirates, traced in glowing colors by the pen of the poet or the novelist. Fascinated by the halo of romance thrown around their career, their deeds rose up before us as the achievements of the purest heroism—their failure or fall, as an unmitigated evil, the more to be deplored on account of the nobility of the victim. These ideas, however, have been thoroughly dispelled. Practical experience has broken the colored glass through which the deeds and the men were seen; and pirates on the seas, robbers on the highway, banditti among romantic mountains, and others of a similar class, now stand much on a level with housebreakers, pickpockets, and garotters at home. For the benefit of those readers whose imaginations are still spell-bound in the toils of romance, we propose to narrate the incident which first opened our eyes wide enough to see these things in their true light.

It was on a dull day in October, 1852, that four of us—namely, our three friends, Jackson, Whympier, Lee, and ourself, who am Jones, at your service—made up a party for an excursion from Canton down the river. Two of the party were on business, and of course they paid expenses. The others were glad to accept of the two remaining berths in the fast boat, in order to enjoy a couple of days' relaxation from the dull routine of business-life in Canton. We each carried a double-barreled fowling-piece, as snipe and other wild fowl were to be found down the river, and we anticipated that our leisurely sail might be en-



livened with good sport. As for personal danger, that was out of the question. Occasional murders, it is true, had been committed on foreigners by the native fishermen down the river, but these were rare; and nobody had ever heard of an attack when more than a couple of Englishmen or Americans had to be met. A fast boat, which was to be our means of conveyance, is a large decked boat, with a house or cabin half sunk in the deck. At each end of the cabin there is a door, which leads up by two or three steps to the level of the deck, and inside there are two beds or berths, ranged on each side, and a dining-table in the center. Besides this cabin, there is another in the forepart of the vessel, entirely below deck, in which the Chinese crew, who man the boat, find narrow quarters. We also provided ourselves with a pair of punts, each capable of carrying two people, which are useful in landing, crossing creeks, and other coast service.

Late in the afternoon we dropped gently down the river, now and again trying our fortune on some unhappy victim, whose flight brought it within reach. The sky was dull, and threatened rain. A dinner, as comfortable as could be enjoyed on board a fast boat, and a social evening passed rapidly away, and we turned in for the night. Next morning we found ourselves at our destination, the Bogue Forts, where Jackson and Lee had business to transact, which occupied them during the greater part of the day; while Whympier and ourselves found what sport we could. Toward evening we anchored off Tiger Island, to await the turning of the tide, and a favorable wind, to carry us back to Canton. As night drew on, it became intensely dark and cold, and we were fain to shut out the chill air, by closing both doors and windows all round the cabin. We were thus seated when we were startled by a sudden shock, as if some other boat had come into collision with ours, and the next moment we heard the report of a fire-pot,\* which exploded on the forepart of our deck. We had heard no alarm from

our crew, but the truth at once flashed across our minds that we were boarded by a gang of Chinese pirates, and should have to fight for our lives. Whympier, who sat nearest the door leading to the front deck, immediately jumped out to reconnoiter; but he had no sooner shown his head above board than he was assailed by half a dozen fire-pots, thrown by as many men, who had scrambled over the stern of our boat, and who were followed by as many more. In a moment he was back to the cabin for his gun; but he had looked long enough to see, by the light of the missiles which had been thrown at him, that our assailants numbered from thirty to forty men, and that they had lashed their boat at right angles across the stern of ours, in the evident expectation that we should be a certain, if not an easy prize.

Whympier was again on deck, and had his attention at once arrested by a stout fellow who was coming over the cabin roof, within six yards of where he stood. The pirate held a lighted fire-pot in his hand ready to discharge, which revealed the dim outline of his figure as he advanced; and Whympier, who was now joined by Lee and ourselves, took aim and fired. Owing to the dampness of the powder, the piece missed fire, and the Chinese was within three paces of where we stood, with his arm uplifted to launch his abominable missile, when the second barrel fortunately did its duty, and the man fell heavily on the cabin roof. Five or six men, each with a lighted fire-pot, were now advancing over the cabin roof, while many more were tumbling over the stern into our boat. One, two, three of our pieces were fired in rapid succession among them; each brought down its man, and effected a momentary check; but we only now discovered that in our hurry to face our antagonists, we had omitted to furnish ourselves with ammunition beyond what our artillery was charged with. We had, therefore, to make a hasty expedition into the cabin for our flasks and shot-pouches, and there found, to our dismay, that several fire-pots had been thrown into it and exploded, and were now showering sparks in all directions, and emitting their odorous smoke in volumes. Fortunately, the berths had previously been prepared for immediate occupation; and the woollen coverlets spread over them, protected the wooden frames from the burning sparks,

\* A fire-pot is a small earthenware pipkin, filled with powder and other combustibles: it is lighted by means of a match, and then thrown with the hand. When it falls, it breaks, and emits a shower of sparks, which burn fiercely; these are followed by a dense smoke, and that again by an intolerable and suffocating stench.

or we should probably have had our citadel burned under our feet. In the midst of this smoke and fire, we groped our way to the further end of the cabin, where our supply of ammunition was deposited, and there a spear-thrust, aimed at Jackson, made us aware that the door at that end had been burst open, and thus exposed us to the danger of a double attack. Jackson was accordingly deputed to defend this point, and, as we afterward found, he received a very severe burn on the back of his hand in the discharge of this duty. Having furnished ourselves with fresh supplies, which we carried through the cabin with the agreeable idea that a single unlucky spark might send us through the roof, we regained our first position on the front deck, and were immediately greeted with a perfect shower of fire-pots, shot, and spears. These, with the help of a little dodging, we fortunately escaped, the only effect being the lodgment of a spear-head in the stock of the gun we carried; but we found the odds fearfully increased, and the rascals, taking courage from the temporary lull in our fire, were coming in numbers over the cabin roof to attack us. If they should get near enough to grapple, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase, and, even as it was, the chances seemed tremendously against us; but we knew well that surrender was as hopeless as defeat, and our blood boiled at the bare idea of succumbing to a crew of Chinese ladres. It only remained, therefore, to fight it out; and with redoubled energy we poured upon them round after round in quick succession, with as much precision as the fitful glare of their fire-pots would allow. The short screams and heavy falls which followed each discharge informed us that our practice was not without effect; and after ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted firing, a partial clearance was effected of the roof of the cabin.

At this juncture, and ere we had yet ventured to breathe freely, we observed a man on board the ladrone boat passing a lantern forward to a group of five or six others, who stood in the bow, and whose figures were momentarily shown in dim relief by the light thus thrown on them. In an instant Lee's piece was at his shoulder, and the next moment a piercing scream from the direction where the light had appeared, made it evident that the shot had told. Whether it was their lead-

er or some other person of consequence that Lee had brought down, we never could ascertain; but within half a minute after the shriek which announced his fall, our cabin roof was clear of intruders, and the whole crew of pirates were in full retreat, bearing with them those of their dead and wounded whom, in their haste, they could conveniently pick up. We then for the first time relaxed our fire, as we had no desire for unnecessary carnage; but their loss had already been severe, amounting, as we afterward learned, to seven or eight killed, besides several wounded, of whom we could get no exact account. As soon as they were all once more on board their own boat, they pushed off, exclaiming in their own language that they would come back ere long, and murder the whole of us. They then dropped down the river, and anchored beside two other large boats, about four hundred yards off, which had been lying there for some time, and which, as they never either attempted to render us assistance, or even to raise an alarm, we naturally took for accomplices, the crews of which had been drafted out of them to increase the attacking force. The pirates were no sooner out of the way than our discreet Chinese crew began slowly to emerge from the hatchway of the fore-cabin, where they had concealed themselves the moment they saw the approach of danger, leaving us unaided to defend their boat from plunder. Of the three native boys whom we had with us, one jumped overboard in terror at the very first alarm, another crept down to the forehold beside the crew, and the remaining one, who, by the way, was Lee's servant, alone behaved like a trump, handing charges when required, loading a spare gun, and performing other little pieces of service which considerably facilitated our operations.

The threat uttered by the ladres as they retired might or might not be a mere bravado; but it seemed not at all unlikely that there might be a sufficient number of reserved men in the two other boats to form a powerful reinforcement; and we were therefore rather disinclined to await a renewal of the fray. The tide, however, had not yet turned; the wind was not in our favor; and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, steam, and tide, was out of the question. We had the

punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, including the servants, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymper and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and the nearest point at which we could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us, in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for upward of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of an old friend. Our appearance was far from prepossessing; our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eyebrows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned in many places, and our hands sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale, than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He rung up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of fire-pots, snipe-shooting, and deck-fighting, of sinking punts and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.

As soon as our late breakfast was concluded, our excellent host kindly furnished us with his own boat and a crew to take us up to Canton, a distance of five miles,

which we easily accomplished in an hour. The first object which met our eyes, on approaching the wharf, was the identical fast boat in which we had gone down the river, and which the crew had been able to get underway within a couple of hours after we left it. Some of us were pretty well known in Canton; indeed, any one who resides in Canton for a month cannot but become known to almost every member of the small English and American community who inhabit what are called the Factories; and when it became public that our fast boat had come back without us, and that it was stained with large quantities of blood, the greatest uneasiness had prevailed. The crew of the boat were questioned, but they could only tell of the fight on board, and that we had left them in the punts. We might have been drowned or murdered after that. As we drew near the wharf we observed one or two groups of anxious-looking faces and some excitement of demeanor; but we were no sooner observed approaching the landing than three hearty cheers announced our welcome, and a dozen hands were held out in congratulation. We then learned, also, that by an order from the consulate, to which office two of our party belonged, a government steamer was at that moment getting up steam to proceed down the river in search of us, as there appeared sufficient ground to suspect that there had been foul play on the part of the natives. The steamer was detained till next day, when the true state of the case being known, and necessary particulars being furnished, it was dispatched with a view, if possible, to apprehend some of the pirates, or obtain information as to their whereabouts; but, after an absence of two days, it returned without success.

It would be too long to tell how we triumphed as the lions of the Factories for at least a fortnight, till the whole thing had become stale, and we were ourselves tired of being fêted. After that, we settled down again into our old business routine; and we can assure the gentle reader that our brain was never more troubled with romantic dreams of gayly-dressed corsairs, a thrust from whose rapier, or a ball from whose pistol, we had fancied must be rather pleasant than otherwise, and whose life bore a charm wherever they went. *Experientia docet*; but the proverb is somewhat musty.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN  
AT BAREGES.

IN a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an *établissement des bains*; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long, irregular street, which is called Barèges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that, not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very center of Barèges. Of course the inhabitants of Barèges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or barques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares. There is something to an American almost incredible, and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down the valley in safety? the walk or ride, in summer, to the *établissement* being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not, in fact, fifty other things? But no—the Béarnais of the mountains is familiar with the danger, he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and at all times the possible termination of it. Even in Barèges, where, as Pierre Palassou, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village; or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the marchands began to erect their barques. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the barques must be left; for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it, this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen barques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger; one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an *auberge*, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche.

The evening wore into night, and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody; for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his

father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father, who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Barèges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow: among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children were waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house; I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since daybreak. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected; of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast

again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said:

"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light; but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion-soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was while they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much effusion: tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules, no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses leveled, and all the wooden baraquas swept away.

"C'est un rien," said Pierre Palassou, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! to hear it come roaring down in summer when the snows have melted on the mountains—rocks, and stones, and trees, and rivers of mud, one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before reaching Barèges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village, and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, therefore, we may fairly say that the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come down at Barèges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, and with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those most affected by the inconvenience, the inhabitants, think nothing of it.

"The neighbors are so near," they say, "and we all help one another! What would you have more?"

What, indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.



## THE LEARNED TAILOR OF NORWICH.

IN the ancient, picturesque, and highly interesting city of Norwich, there lived, some century and a half ago, a character well known and justly celebrated in the learned world. I refer to the erudite Dr. Prideaux, who at that time had been recently made dean of the old city, in the room of Dr. Henry Fairfax. This accomplished scholar was especially devoted to the study of Oriental literature, in which he had attained such experience that he had been offered the Professorship of Hebrew at Oxford, on the death of Dr. Pocock, in 1691; which, however, he declined. He had in his possession a collection of more than three hundred Oriental books, and it may be readily believed that he let slip no opportunity of adding to these stores, which, in the true spirit of a bibliopolist, he reckoned his choicest treasures. It chanced one day that the dean was offered some Arabic manuscripts on parchment, by a bookseller in Norwich, who demanded for them a considerable sum. So large, indeed, was the price, that the learned divine hesitated, and for the time declined to purchase. Not that he had any intention of letting them slip through his hands; but he hoped that, as there was little or no probability that any one would be found capable of appreciating such a treasure, the manuscripts would remain unsold, and so the bookseller would be willing, after a time, to part with them at a more reasonable, or, at all events, a lower figure. Accordingly, a few weeks afterward, Dr. Prideaux repaired again to the shop, and presently inquired for the manuscripts. What was his chagrin and disappointment at learning they were sold!

"Sold!" he exclaimed; "and to whom?"

"To Mr. Henry Wild, a tailor of this city."

"Run instantly," cried the dean, in the greatest trepidation, "and fetch them; if, indeed, they are not before now cut into pieces to make measures."

He was soon relieved from his anxiety as to the fate of the manuscripts by the appearance of Mr. Wild, who came himself, bringing them with him.

The dean eagerly inquired whether he would part with them, and was respectfully answered in the negative. He then hastily asked of what possible use they could be to him.

"I read them," was the reply.

With pardonable incredulity, the dean requested to hear him read. He complied immediately, and was then asked to render a passage or two into English, which he did, readily and exactly. Amazed and greatly interested, his interrogator now regarded this singular man more narrowly. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing, his figure was insignificant and meager, and his countenance bore the marks of want and suffering. In stature he was moderately tall, while his general air and gait were somewhat awkward, and deformed by the peculiarities generally observable in persons of his trade. His age might have been guessed as nearly thirty-five, but was in reality considerably less, his studious and sedentary habits giving him the appearance of being much older than he was. Being invited by the dean to visit him, he gave, at a subsequent interview, the following account of himself. He said:

"I was born in the year 1684, in this city, and was early placed at the Grammar School here, where I studied diligently, hoping to fit myself for the University. But my friends proved unfortunate in business, and could not procure sufficient money or interest to maintain me there. The consequence was, they bound me apprentice to a tailor, with whom I served out the term of seven years; after which I worked as journeyman. Subsequently, I was, unhappily, seized with a fever and ague, which continued two or three years, and at length reduced me so low that I was wholly disabled from working at my business. In this helpless and wearisome condition I amused myself with some old books of controversial divinity, wherein I found great stress laid on the Hebrew of several texts of Scripture. My interest and curiosity were thus excited, and I felt a strong desire to make myself master of the original language of Holy Writ; but, on applying myself to the task, I found that I had nearly lost all the learning I acquired at school. I was without assistance or guide of any sort. It was, of course, out of the question to obtain a master; and so I was obliged to content myself with the use of an old English-Hebrew grammar and lexicon, which I was fortunate enough to procure for a mere trifle. These I incessantly studied, and at length recovered lost ground, and, after a time, took up the Greek, the knowledge of which I perceived to be of such primary importance; afterward the Arabic, Persian, Chaldee, and Syriac followed. Happily, my health became by degrees reëstablished, and I was able to procure the means of subsistence by my business; while, at the same time, I devoted every minute I could spare during the day, as well as a great part of the hours of darkness, to study. At present, I find myself, as you see, poor and feeble in health; yet I

count myself happy, and could I but devote all my time to the studies I love, I should ask no more of fortune, or, rather, of a kind Providence."

Much interested with this simple narrative, Dr. Prideaux acquainted himself, minutely with the circumstances of the student, who, he found, was indeed so poor that, but a short time before, his landlord had actually seized a Polyglot Bible he had made shift to purchase, for rent. The kind-hearted and generous dean lost no time in sending the self-taught genius to Oxford, which he did partly at his own expense, and partly by subscriptions among persons whose inclinations disposed them to this kind of learning, and others who were willing, through charity, to assist so meritorious a case. By the dean's interest, although he was never a member of the University, he was admitted to the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in the translation and analysis of the Oriental manuscripts.

He was known among the students by the sobriquet of "the Arabian tailor," and taught the Oriental languages "at the moderate charge of half a guinea a language," excepting the Arabic, for which, it appears, he had a guinea. His memory was truly extraordinary, while his manners were amiable and pleasing. His pupils often invited him to spend an evening with them; on which occasions he would frequently entertain them with long and curious details out of the Roman, Greek, and Arabic histories. His morals were pure, and his habits sober and temperate, while his modest and self-diffident deportment bespoke him free from the least tincture of conceit or vanity. Not unfrequently, during his lectures, he would observe to the young men he was teaching, that such an idiom, in Hebrew, resembled one in Latin or Greek; then he would make a pause, as seeming to weigh what he had said, and would ask them if it were not so.

So much merit and industry met with little pecuniary reward, and yielded him a subsistence not much better than his trade might have produced; his whole emoluments, in fact, scarcely exceeded one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. That part of learning in which he excelled was valued and pursued by comparatively few; and it fell out besides, unfortunately for him, that M. Gagnier, a French *savant*, skilled in the Oriental languages, was already installed as professor, and enjoyed

all the favors the University authorities had to bestow in that department.

The retiring manners of Mr. Wild, joined to such uncommon attainments in a person who made so poor an appearance externally, led to the suspicion among certain parties that he was a Jesuit in disguise. These suspicions were heightened by his modest diffidence, which resembled shyness, and was interpreted to spring from a desire to court concealment. Besides which it was observed that he affected sometimes to take pleasure in talking of foreign cities and countries, and that he frequented only the University church, where, by way of exercise, the sermons turned more on speculative and controversial points than practical ones. Such trifles, "light as air," combined to fix upon our student a stigma, which, in those nonjuring days, was sufficient to bar a man's road to riches and preferment. How entirely groundless they were is apparent from the facts of his history with which the reader has been made acquainted; yet they were probably in part the occasion of his removal in the year 1720, when he went up to London, where he spent the short remainder of his life, being, it is said, much indebted to the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead. The precise date of his death is unknown; but it occurred previous to 1734, in which year the only production of his pen which found its way to the press appeared; in the dedication of which, addressed to Mr. Mackrel, of Norwich, it is said to be a posthumous work. This piece is a translation of an Arabic legend entitled "Mohammed's Journey to Heaven."

One cannot help joining in the observation with which a short notice of this extraordinary person, given in the *Biographie Universelle*, concludes: "It is much to be regretted that such a man did not enjoy more propitious circumstances. It seems probable that, had he been favored with the smiles of fortune, and applied from his childhood to the study of languages, he would have become one of the most renowned polyglots of Europe." We see, however, in his actual circumstances, a remarkable and edifying example of the manner in which, by dint of continual application and unwearied diligence, a man may attain, despite the most adverse fortune, the object of his genuine love and worthy ambition.

## PULP AND ESSENCE.

## FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

**INTRODUCTORY** to our chapter of penciled passages for the present month, we give an expansion of Paul's beautiful figure, founded upon the well-known practice of grafting. The passage is from the pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, and may be entitled,

## THE BELIEVER'S UNION WITH CHRIST.

The graft has taken. At first the juncture may be very slight, a single thread or fiber, and it is not till you try to part them that you find that they are knit together, that their life is one, and that the force which plucks away the graft must also wound the vine. And your faith may yet be no more than a single filament. It may be only one point of attachment by which you have got joined to the Lord Jesus. It may be only one solitary sentence, one isolated invitation or promise, of which you have undoubting hold. But hold it fast. If it is the word of Jesus, cling to it. There is life in it, and, held fast, it will be life to you. One promise of Jesus credited, one invitation of Jesus accepted, is enough to make such union between himself and you, that the violence which sunders, if death to you, would be a bleeding heart to Him. Hold fast the faithful saying then, and as you cling to it, you will draw closer and closer to the living vine. The surface of quick contact will enlarge, and as thread by thread, and vein by vein it widens, as word by word, and line by line, the sayings of Jesus get hidden in your heart, the tokens of vitality will become to yourself and others joyfully distinct. And though you may fear to-day that you have no interest in Christ, think no more of that, think of what he says. Believe him steadfastly; and as sure as he came into the world to save sinners, he will save you. Cleave to his assurances in all their breadth, and though you may feel yourself little better than a reprobate at present, you will be a trophy of redeeming grace in the ages to come. And though you see no fruits of the Spirit yet, let Christ's word abide in you, and you will see them anon. And though you dread lest the faint hold you have may end in a falling away, hold on till the feeble contact of this moment grow into a complete coalescence, and in joyful assurance of oneness with a sin-pardoning and sanctifying Saviour, you will be able to exclaim, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

## THE RELIGION OF ENGLAND.

**EMERSON** asks and answers the question:

The religion of England—is it the Established Church? no; is it the sects? no; they are only the perpetuations of some private man's dissent, and are to the Established Church as cabs are to a coach, cheaper and more convenient, but really the same thing. Where dwells the religion? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought, or gesture. They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity cannot be made fast, mortared up and ended like London Monument, or the Tower, so that you shall know where to find it, and keep it fixed, as the English do with their things, for evermore; it is passing, glancing,

gesticular; it is a traveler, a newness, a surprise, a secret, which perplexes them and puts them out. Yet, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame.

## MAN AT HIS BEST ESTATE

Is altogether vanity. So says the Psalmist. Man is a noble animal, says Sir Thomas Brown. Splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal luster, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature. Quoting this passage, an unknown writer says:

Thus spoke one who mocked, while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed. And what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? For mean indeed must be the real state of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest paucity of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness. Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life; what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh—for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other. Human life is like a dream in the after-dinner sleep of a demon, in which an image of heaven is interrupted by a vision of hell; a thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in a confusion which would be ridiculous if it were not awful. The monuments of man's blessedness, and of man's wretchedness, lie side by side; we cannot look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing.

## MOUNTAINS.

**RUSKIN** seems disposed to glorify the hills at the expense of the valleys:

Mountains are to the rest of the earth what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose, and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live forever."

## COURAGE AND BRAVERY

ARE thus defined and contrasted by the Rev. Dr. Storrs in a sermon preached before the students of the Theological Seminary at Andover:

Bravery is more hasty, impetuous, and transient; courage, more calm, enduring, and principled. Bravery is an impulse, or a mere outward habit; courage is a life, pervading the nature. Bravery takes advantage from plumes and gay equipage. It rises with rapidity and splendor of movement. It calls to its aid the stimulations of music, or the higher stimulations of popular applause; and it looks for reputation as its trophy and reward. Courage is deeper, more magnanimous, and self-reliant. It holds its own reward within it, and is natively superior to any accidents of incitement. It is ready to bear, as well as to perform; is as great in the forest as it is in the field; as great, when announcing a new and strange truth, or resisting the backward rush of a nation, as when treating of themes that have watchwords and champions, and that kindle the minds of millions with their contact. It sings and is cheerful amid obscure suffering; and is just as serenely fixed and unconquerable when contemplating obloquy and popular reprobation, as when welcomed with applause and anticipating victory. Courage is silent till the crisis arrives. Bravery is demonstrative, and lies in utterance. The one bides its time, secure of itself. The other craves constant exhibition and action. Courage is an essential spirit of character, which imbues action, as the fragrant and subtle fumes of the alchemists were designed to imbue the cimeter of Damascus. Bravery is a special and occasional style of feeling, which would etch upon that action its splendid devices.

## LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

In this book-making age, when such multitudes are yielding to the temptation of writing about themselves, or about some dead friend, it is well, occasionally at least, to pause a moment, and ask, with a writer in a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, What is literature?

Is a play-bill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrrhic dance, or the length of petticoat of the Virgins of the Sun? Is a sermon published "by request" of a decent congregation, which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it, literature? Is an indignant letter, (paid for as an advertisement,) wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village church-warden for refusing him a sitting in Church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3, and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swifflins, stock-broker, Fulham, and Snodge, drysalter, Muswell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most snobbish manner over the apparel of a young lady, "whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair," (but which we know to be Sophia Groby, old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street;) and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two, (and no coffee,) and by discovering that the sagacious Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swifflins or the

interesting young lady whose name, etc., and that even if he had he was not the property, and therefore not under the control of Snodge, of Muswell Hill. Is this literature? I suppose it is; for judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literary, and most of the people you meet are literary men.

## THE DEAD CHILD.

AND this, too, we know not whence it comes, but it will go straight to the heart; to thine, certainly, bereaved mother, and send thy thoughts to the little hillock in the graveyard, and thence speedily to the empyrean where God dwelleth:

Few things appear so beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless that little mortal has passed along under the shadow. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thought that were so delighted, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence; for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of an all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven.

## DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GERMAN AND FRENCH.

A WRITER in *Fraser's Magazine*, with a little pardonable exaggeration, contrasts the style of the best French writers with those of the same class in Germany. Of German style he says:

Its chief characteristics are involunt and prolixity. The sentences are of suffocating length, and they are coiled together, parenthesis within parenthesis, like the folds of a monstrous snake, so as to bewilder and confound the reader. Instead of breaking up his matter into small and manageable pieces, in the shape of short and readable paragraphs, a German writer thinks it enough to quarry it out in an unwieldy mass, and gives himself no trouble about its form, structure, or polish. Indeed, we doubt if he ever bestows a thought upon the manner of saying anything that comes uppermost in his mind. But what man of woman born, not a German, can digest a book made up of passages, each varying in length from twelve to twenty or thirty lines, (we have counted so many,) unrelieved by a single break, even so much as a semicolon, so that long before the end of the paragraph is reached, the memory has forgotten the introductory part, which can alone render the meaning intelligible? Of Kant it is said, that his sentences have been measured by a carpenter, and some of them run two feet eight by six inches.

On the other hand, we are told that, in direct opposition and contrast to the heavy lumber-wagon of German, is the light, quick post-chariot of French style. This corresponds also with, and is partly the effect of, certain well-known traits of the national character. No people have carried the art of conversation to such perfection as the French, and with none is it felt to be so much a social necessity. Con-

versation, as distinct from monologue, is more practiced and better understood in France than in any other country in Europe. But this, of itself, requires and produces brevity of expression. It rests on the give-and-take principle, and is absolutely opposed to long-winded monopoly of talk. And that happy faculty of dexterous arrangement which distinguishes the nation, and which is so remarkably exhibited by French soldiers in a campaign, appears also in the neatness and accuracy of French style. We will not go so far as Mr. De Quincey, who asserts that "such a thing as a long or an involved sentence could not be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it;" but certainly the occurrence is so rare as almost to justify the reward proposed for the discovery.

#### HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

THE *Journal of Health* has, occasionally, a gem worthy of being perpetuated. Take this from a recent number:

Persons may outgrow disease, and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the luster of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings from its home in heaven, may look out through these faded windows, as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind; by cherishing forbearance toward the follies and follies of our race, and feeding day by day on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

#### THE THREE FISHERMEN.

THERE is pathos in the ballad-like simplicity of Mr. Kingsley's poem:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.  
  
"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;  
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,  
[brown]  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.  
  
"Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come back to the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

## The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1857.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER VOLUME is a fitting opportunity to tender thanks to our correspondents for their favors. We do so heartily, not only to those whose papers have graced our pages, but to those also whose contributions we have, for their sakes and our own, declined to publish. On this subject we have only to say that, as in the past so in the future, we shall receive gladly, and examine carefully, all contributions, and be guided in their publication by our best judgment, without favor or partiality. Our contributors having in view the same object as ourselves, the edification and entertainment of our readers, we have no reason to fear giving offense by the exercise of editorial prerogative.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—What is called, *par excellence*, the Religious press, seems to be, at present, exceedingly pugnacious. Political editors, since the Presidential election, are comparatively peaceful and on friendly terms with each other; but those who furnish our families with Sunday reading are treating us to more than a due proportion of verjuice and worm-wood. Personalities, coarse language, and what, if we met with it elsewhere, we should be inclined to call blackguardism, plentifully besprinkle many of the weeklies which rejoice in being deemed the special organs of the several sects into which Christianity is divided.

Mere worldly editors of papers having any claim to respectability, abstain from personalities in discussing subjects about which there is a difference of opinion. They charge misrepresentation, or absurdity, or illogical argument upon the "*Pest*" or the "*Times*," and carefully avoid spreading out the patronymic of the editor. But the religious sheet holds up the man as well as his arguments to ridicule, and is specially funny if the opposing editor's name is susceptible of a pun. If he has, unfortunately, more than one Christian name, his Christian brother prints them all at full length, on the principle that the bigger the target, the better his chance of hitting it somewhere. One very severe Christian, we remember, printed the name of his antagonist without capitals: thus, mister john smith. Calling an editor Mr., whom, when on good terms, they invariably addressed as Brother, is very common, and intended to be very severe.

Charges of ignorance, of monomania, of bearing false witness, and of willful lying, are by no means uncommon. Indeed, the editor of one of our exchange papers puts into enduring type the name of his predecessor, a minister of the same Church with himself, and couples with it a charge of theft. He stole the mail books belonging to the office! A political editor would hardly descend so low as that; and if he did, he might expect to be cowhided in the streets, and his paper would lose caste, even among his own partisans.



But what is to be done? Must not an editor defend himself? Is he to bear misrepresentation tamely? Are not his consistency, his orthodoxy, and even his opinions to be maintained at all hazards? And what can be more important to his readers than long arguments, proving at once that their editor is not only consistent with himself, but capable of showing up an antagonist, in a light which cannot fail to make him look supremely ridiculous? Who wants an editor that is not continually thrusting his own personality before the public? Or who wants to read editorials that are not spicy at least, if we cannot always have them peppery?

Such, indeed, appears to be the prevailing sentiment with many of those who conduct the religious press. And then, too, when an opponent appears to get the better of his brother editor; to touch him on the raw, and sting him to the quick, what a fine opportunity to exemplify the graces of Christian meekness and brotherly forbearance. Being defamed, says an editor of the olden time, we entreat, and being reviled, we bless. But that is altered now. Being reviled, we revile with more bitterness; and being defamed, we sue for damages; and so brother goes to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. The damages asked are five or ten thousand dollars. The "unbelievers" in the jury-box listen patiently, and at the loss of much valuable time. Private matters are dragged into the court, gossip and scandal are detailed in all their minuteness, and the verdict is of no consequence, save to raise a laugh at both parties, the damage done being assessed, under oath, at six and a quarter cents.

In advertising to these palpable and painful facts, we have not deemed it necessary to be more specific; and at the same time we are free to admit that there are many exceptions. There are Christian editors who prefer to suffer wrong; and surely it is better, one day, at least, we shall all admit that it is infinitely better to be misrepresented during a whole lifetime, than by bitterness and caustic retorts to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of Christ's little ones.

**SUGGESTIVE.**—The subjoined extract from an ordination sermon of one of the English bishops will bear to be thought about:

"Whose sermons were they which were found to be listened to with breathless attention, wherever they went, in town or country? This was a question which both the clergy and laity would do well to ask themselves, for there was a great lesson in the answer. It was not the most learned, or the most able, or the most eloquent sermons that were listened to; but those which spoke with simplicity and from the heart. Men might wonder at the phenomenon, but they could not deny it, and the lesson should be learned that a clergyman, if his ability were but small, might exercise with his discourses a greater influence on all ages, sexes, and ranks, if he spoke faithfully, simply, and really from the heart to the heart, of those truths which his Lord had commissioned him to set forth."

**LIKES AND DISLIKES.**—There must be some truth in magnetism, there must be something in the doctrine of attraction and repulsion; why do we like some people as we dislike others, without any shadow of a reason? Homeopaths tell us that the nausea which contracts our features at the smell of a drug, is a

provision of nature to guard us against poison. Can it be that these antipathies are implanted in our being to warn us of those who shall hereafter prove our enemies? It is not a charitable theory nor a Christian-like, and yet who has not found many instances in which it has borne a strange semblance of truth?

**PREACHING.**—The *American Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, in speaking of ministers and preaching in its own Church, says: "Here we are reading sermons, dividing justification, adoption, and sanctification, into a dozen heads each, fighting forgotten controversies, splitting seventeenth-century hairs, handling everything with gloves, looking at everything as scholars in libraries look at them, preaching people's heads into a confused vertigo, or entirely failing to gain their attention, and yet every man has, in the main, a clear, discriminating knowledge of theology. Was there ever such a failure in the adaptation of means to ends? Our present system hardens a man into a fossil in his forming period, and asks him to shape himself to new circumstances when the shaping power is gone."

**SUBMISSION.**—The late Rev. Ephraim Peabody, about twenty years ago, was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was obliged to resign his charge at Cincinnati; his only child was laid in a New England grave; his young wife had temporarily lost the use of her eyes; his home was broken up and his prospects were very dark. They sold their furniture and went to board in a country tavern in the town of Dayton. One day, as he came in from a walk, his wife said to him:

"I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient."

"Ah," said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us."

"Ah," said she, "I pray stop, and I will say no more about submission."

**ANECDOTES OF AVARICE.**—Dr. King, in a work entitled "Anecdotes of his own Times," relates the annexed remarkable cases of avarice:

"My Lord Hardwick, the late lord chancellor, who is said to be worth eight hundred thousand pounds, sets the same value on half a crown now as he did when he was worth only one hundred pounds. The great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save a sixpence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor, who had been one of his enemies, would he always have saved a sixpence? Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's Coffee-house, and paying for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was lame and infirm) and went home. Some time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in change for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I know one Sir

Thomas Colby, who lived in Kensington, and was, I think, in the Victualling Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when in a profuse sweat, the effect of medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlor. He was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling in the funds, which was shared among five or six day laborers, who were his nearest relatives. Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, was my own kinsman. When near seventy he was wholly deprived of his sight. He was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas, if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William saw the good effect of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended he could not see perfectly; for that reason the bandage of his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money."

**PAYING AN OLD DEBT.**—A merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18th, 1803, at the age of seventy-five. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found carefully tied up and labeled as follows:

"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the eldest brother, the administrator, produced the packet, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable at that moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the packet put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother, that it might be well first to make a list of the names, and of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled, and the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, which, including interest, amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued our informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard-favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up

from the Cape to pay a debt I owe to the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient-looking pocket-book, and began to count over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the usual questions, his name, residence, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. It had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit upon his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget.

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and interest has never been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover this amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we may have our peace with God, and I wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid the bank-notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take the money," was the reply of my brother.

The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years, and counted it all over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank-bills, he returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said: From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten days ago I made up the sum within twenty-five dollars.

My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now what will my old woman say? I must go back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted:

"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast: "There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale which I have told as it was told me. To add to the evident moral, would be an insult to the reader.

Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other persons with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

**THE VANILLA OF COMMERCE.**—The vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days to ferment. They are afterward placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with coconut oil, and then packed in dry plants in leaves so as to confine their aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice-creams, jellies, etc. The plant grows in Central America and other hot countries.

**THUNDER-STORM IN THE ALPS.**—Dr. Wylie, in his "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber," gives the following description of a thunder-storm in the Alps:

"A cloud of pitchy darkness rose in the south, and crossed the plain, shedding deepest night in its track, and shooting its fires downward on the earth as it came onward. It passed right over our heads, enveloping us for the while (like some mighty archer, with quiver full of arrows) in a shower of flaming missiles. The interval between the flashes was brief, so very brief, that we were scarcely sensible of any interval at all. There was not more than four seconds between them. The light was full and strong, as if myriads and myriads of bude lights had been kindled on the summits of the Apennines. In short, it was day while it lasted, and every object was visible, as if made so by the light of the sun. The horses which dragged our vehicle along the road, the postillion with the red facings on his dress, the meadows and mulberry woods which bordered our path, the road itself, stretching away and away for miles, with its row of tall poplars, and its white curbstone, dotted with wagons and carriages, and a few foot-passengers, and the red antlered leaves, as they fell in whirling showers in the gust, all were visible. Indeed, we may be said to have performed several miles of our journey under broad daylight, excepting that these sudden revelations of the face of nature alternated with moments of profoundest night. At length the big rain-drops came rattling to the earth; and, to protect ourselves, we drew the thick leathern curtain of the *banquette*, buttoning it tight down all around. It kept out rain, but not the lightning. The seams and openings of the covering seemed glowing lines of fire, as if the *diligence* had been lit-

erally engulfed in an ocean of living flame. The whole heavens were in a roar. The Apennines called to the Alps; the Alps shouted to the Apennines; and the plain between quaked and trembled at the awful voice. At length the storm passed away to the north, and found its final goal amid the mountains, where, for hours afterward, the thunder continued to growl and the lightning to sport."

**A NOBLE DEED.**—Some months ago, a poor German neighbor of Gerritt Smith was charged with murder. A singular combination of unfavorable circumstances induced a general belief that he was guilty, and the public excitement against him was very strong. Mr. Smith visited the suspected man in the jail, and became convinced that he was innocent. In the face of a hostile public sentiment he volunteered his services as counsel for the poor German, spent nearly a thousand dollars from his own purse in collecting evidence, and argued his cause before the jury. By his untiring exertions the dark cloud of unfavorable circumstances was cleared up, and the innocence of his client made manifest, not only to the court and the jury, but to the public. Mr. Smith, with characteristic beneficence, crowned his magnanimity by giving the poor German a small farm and two hundred dollars in money. Nobleness like this is its own praise, and its own reward.

**THE GEISERS OF ICELAND.**—A late number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains a very able article on "Boiling Water," from which we take the following extracts:

"Another subject which ranges itself under the title of this article is that of the boiling springs of Iceland. 'The Great Geiser' is the largest of these springs. It consists of a tube seventy feet deep and ten in diameter, which expands at its summit into a basin measuring fifty-two feet across from north to south, and sixty feet from east to west. Both the tube and the basin are lined with a smooth coating of silica, so hard as to bear the blows of a hammer without breaking. . . . If we take a quantity of the Geiser water and permit it to evaporate in a porcelain basin, the liquid creeps, by capillary attraction, a little way up the sides of the basin; it is here speedily evaporated, and deposits upon the basin a ring of silica. In the center of the basin the water retains its transparency; and not till the evaporation has been continued for a considerable time does the slightest turbidity appear. Let us now imagine the case of a simple thermal spring charged with silica, whose waters flow down a gentle incline. The water thus exposed evaporates quickly, deposits its silica, and gradually raises the side over which it flows. The outlet is shifted to another position; this becomes elevated in its turn, and thus the stream, by erecting obstacles in its own way, has to travel round and round, depositing its burden as it moves along. This process continues, until, in the course of ages, a shaft is formed, and we have the wonderful apparatus whose dimensions are given above. A brief inspection of the vicinity is, indeed, sufficient to show that the spring is capable of building its own tube. The mouth of the Great Geiser is on the summit of a high mound, formed by deposits from the spring. But in raising this mound the spring must also have formed the tube which perforates it, and thus we may satisfy ourselves that the spring is the architect of the shaft in which it lodges.

"Having constructed our tube, let us now examine the observed facts. Imagine a traveler arriving at the Geiser, and finding the tube and basin filled with hot water. He hears at intervals explosions which shake the earth beneath him. Immediately after each explosion he observes the water in the basin of the Geiser to be agitated; the liquid column is lifted to a height of five or six feet, thus producing an eminence in the center of the basin, and causing the liquid to overflow its rim. These elevations of the column are like so many unsuccessful attempts at an eruption. The traveler waits; the explosions and consequent

agitation of the water in the basin become more frequent; at length an apparently convulsive struggle takes place; jets are cast up in succession; the Geiser seems to gather strength; and finally the display is concluded by the projection into the air of a mixed column of steam and water, which sometimes reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet.

"The tube of the Great Geiser is slowly but surely augmenting in height; the pressure of the liquid column it contains is therefore becoming greater and greater, and this points to the conclusion that at some future, though distant day, the pressure will become so great as to prevent the subterranean waters from ever bursting into vapor. When this period arrives the eruptions must necessarily cease. The aspect of things at present in Iceland suggests that this has already been the fate of many springs. Mounds are seen, perforated with shafts in which thermal waters once resided, but which are now filled with rubbish, the waters having broken away through subterranean channels. Sometimes after the spring has ceased its eruptions, it continues to deposit its silica, and thus to form a *laug* or cistern. Some of these are from thirty to forty feet deep, and of indescribable beauty. Over the surface a light vapor curls; in the depths the water is of the purest azure, and tinged with its own hue the fantastic incrustations on the cistern walls; while at the bottom is observed the mouth of the once mighty Geiser. Thus, in Iceland we have the Geiser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death, presented to us; in its youth, as a simple thermal spring; in its manhood, as the eruptive fountain; in its old age, as the tranquil *laug*; while its death is recorded by the mound and ruined shaft, which testify the fact of its once active existence."

**THE MAN WITH A SNAKE IN HIS HAT.**—Dr. Dixon, in his *New York Monthly Scalpel*, states that a gentleman of the "highest veracity" related to him the following snake story, which beats anything that we have read lately:

"Going into a very public ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him, took off his hat; he turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over the inside of his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed by a pocket handkerchief, in his hand, then gently laying the back of his hand on a cushion, he slid the hat with its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed toward the hat; and his surprise greatly increased, the reader may well imagine, on observing the head of a sizable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him:

"My dear sir? I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain; he is perfectly harmless; only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for a rheumatism. I have done so for a few weeks, and I am cured, positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for the annoyance; you have my story; it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner disgusted."

**ANECDOTE OF AUDUBON.**—Returning from Philadelphia, after an absence of several months, absorbed in the newly-found delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had intrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly-prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels! It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune that had befallen it. A pair of Norway rats, having taken

possession and appropriated it, had reared there a whole party. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what a few months before had been a thousand marvelous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air! The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on this discovery; the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts! For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note-book, and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then consoling himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered untiringly for three whole years, until his portfolio was replenished!

**THE VELOCITY AND COLORS OF LIGHTNING.**—The lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one thousandth part of a second; but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high tension. In comparison with this velocity the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel made to revolve with such celerity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash had come and gone before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance. The color of lightning is variously orange, white, and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time the whiter and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-colored lightnings are observed to be discharged from the storm clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarified and analogous. The electric spark made to pass through the receiver of an air-pump exhibits a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.

**RESPONSIBILITY OF ENGLAND.**—A writer in *Tait's Magazine* alludes to the statement that Great Britain is somehow responsible for the institution of slavery in the United States in the following manner:

"A number of writers in this country have endorsed the stupid assertion of the friends of slavery in the States—that Britain is responsible for its excessive guilt, since our ancestors or our government allowed slavery to descend as an inheritance of woe to the republic. The argument is extremely impudent; and we say so in no angry spirit, for we consider it altogether as a curiosity in effrontery. The people of this country or their government at no period forced slavery upon the colonists of America. The government permitted individuals to be drawn into this crime by their own greed or indolence; but they no more compelled the colonists to buy slaves than they obliged them to rear bullocks or horses, asses or oxen.

"Even if the British government had any share in the establishment of slavery in the United States, the

government of the republic should have imitated the example supplied to them, by liberating the slaves. They could afford this outlay better than a nation hampered by a debt unequalled now, or ever, in the world; and with the defense of constitutional principles in the face of the despotism of Europe.

"The apologists here for abuses in the States, and the perpetrators of them there, have a consummate knack of shuffling their ancestry as they please. When anything good is to be drawn from ancient British history, they appropriate it as the work of their ancestors; and when anything objectionable appears, it belongs to us Britishers of the present hour and year. Even if the British government of a century since had forced slavery upon the American colonies, the citizens of Britain are not more responsible thereupon than the citizens of the States; but, as the two streams have diverged, the elder branch have repented of and turned from, while the junior branch have clung to and magnified, the sin of their common ancestry."

**INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.**—"Picciola," a charming creation of some French or Italian brain, translated into our tongue, reveals most beautifully the influence of flowers. A gay, handsome, and accomplished count, cast into prison during the revolution that preceded Napoleon, (the first,) full of the philosophy of chance, is converted from infidelity and world-worship, by a simple flower (picciola) springing between two stones in the prison yard, which he beholds from the prison of his cell. To chance, which the count had inscribed on the walls of his cell, that silent and wonderful agent, as it unfolded its leaves and blossoms, added *perhaps*. The world that lay hidden in its arteries and petals, so adapted and answering to the world around, so full of design and grace, so planted by Providence, which caused the flying dove to drop a solitary seed in the prison yard, to solace the human prisoner, wrought a deeper work than all the books and tongues of men. Inspired by it from day to day, the count could no longer resist—he erased from the walls those words of skepticism and doubt, and wrote in their place, "I believe." In this prison-world, where humanity sits chained by perverted passions and blind desires, the "Picciola," and many other gentle flowers, are softening and converting the human heart. By the wayside, in gardens, climbing rocks and cottage eaves, shedding light and fragrance over every grade of life, the flowers, like shadows of angels, cast forward to assure us, are among the most powerful and solacing teachers of a beneficent God.

**DICKENS.**—A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, speaking of this celebrated novelist, says:

"He writes too much and too fast, and unless he takes more care than he seems to think it worth while to do so as long as the shilling numbers of any new novel from his pen are sold by thousands, we predict that he will be the destroyer of his own reputation. He has fallen into the habit of repeating himself to a degree which becomes wearisome, and his latter works have proceeded in a descending scale. That which is now issuing from the press, "Little Dorrit," is decidedly the worst. Mr. Dickens delights in the sayings and doings of strange, grotesque, out-of-the-way people, of whom we hardly ever meet the prototypes in flesh and blood; and in every one of his tales he fastens some distinctive oddities upon two or three of his characters, and never allows them to speak without bringing out the peculiarity in the most marked and prominent manner. His portraits are, in fact, caricatures. He exaggerates, so to speak, a particular grimace, and presents it every time that the features come into view. Thus Pecksniff is always sententious and hypocritical; Micawber is always full of mandarin sentiment and emphatic nonsense; Gradgrind is always practical, to a degree that ceases to be human;

Mrs. Nickleby is always parenthetical and incoherent; Mark Tapley is never tired of telling us that he is 'jolly'; Boythorn never opens his lips without being intensely and bolsterously energetic; Major Bagstock always speaks of himself in the third person, as 'J. B.' 'tough old Joe'; 'Joe is rough and tough, sir'; blunt, sir, blunt, is Joe'; Uriah Heap is always 'umble,' 'very 'umble'; and Mrs. Gamp everlastingly quotes as her authority Mrs. Harris."

## SMALL CHANGE

**ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.**—We have all heard that there is a difference between skinning and being skinned. There is also a difference between the active and passive participles of some other verbs, as was illustrated to the satisfaction of the chap who made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had *entertained his proposition*. "No," replied the other, "your proposition has *entertained me*."

Here is a fifty-year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite "as good as new." A rich old gentleman, of the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her "teens." After the wedding he wrote the following couplet, to inform a friend of the "happy event:"

"You see, my dear doctor,  
Though eighty years old,  
A girl of nineteen  
Fell in love with old Gould!"

To which the doctor replied:

"A girl of nineteen  
May love Gould, it is true;  
But believe me, dear sir,  
It is *gold* without 'u'!"

Not unlike this was the retort of the young lady to an aged lover whose name was Page. He found one of the damsel's gloves, and returned it with these lines:

"If from your glove you take the letter g,  
Then glove is love, which I devote to thee."

She answered:

"If from your name you take the letter P,  
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

**AN AMERICAN JUDGE IN PARIS.**—While one of the Supreme judges was recently staying at Paris he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked the stranger a number of questions, and among the rest:

"Where do you live?"

"In California."

"Well," said the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?"

"I am a judge of the Supreme Court."

"O! ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name; it is *Lynch*, eh?"

It is unnecessary to observe that the conversation here concluded.

**VERY AWKWARD.**—Some of our readers, says the *New York Times*, may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city, a while since, over whose face, as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and a light passed so strangely that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up friction all night trying to restore it to life. We



learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician who attended the dead man in his last illness to go up and try his skill toward his restoration. Dr. S. listened a while incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope that you won't be able to restore him; I really hope you won't." "Why?" asked his visitor, in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along; it would be very awkward for him; for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."

**SMOKERS.**—Some lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than for that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

"May never lady press his lips,  
His proffer'd love returning,  
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,  
And keeps its chimney burning!  
May each true woman shun his sight,  
For fear his fumes might choke her;  
And none but those who smoke themselves,  
Have kisses for a smoker!"

"I come for that saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir; you borrowed our saw, sir." "Be off, boy! I never dreamed of borrowing a saucer." "Be dad, but you did! and there it stands right in the corner." "O! it's your father's saw you mean; why didn't you say so?"

**A GOOD IDEA.**—Southey says, in one of his letters:

"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

**JOHN CHINAMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.**—An old Chinese writer says the soul of a poet passes into the body of a grasshopper at death, from the fact of the latter singing until it starves.

**CÆSAR'S OPINION OF HIS LIKENESS IN WORSTED WORK.**—In a review of "The Apocatastasis," a work against Spiritualism, published in 1854, at Burlington, Vermont, the *Boston Daily Advertiser* tells the following story:

"A most respectable, though not very cultivated lady, once invited us to a private exhibition of rappings and scratchings, by which she believed that she held converse with her own deceased friends, as well as with many people who had been illustrious in their day and generation. As we were looking about her simply furnished parlor, our eyes fell upon a screen whereon an historical scene, the passage of the Rubicon, we will call it, was depicted in worsted-work. Now, any one familiar with the specimens of this art which are sold at our country fairs will agree that, however interesting they may be as monuments of human patience and human eyesight, they do not possess the additional interest of greatly resembling any terrestrial objects with which we are acquainted. The visage of Cæsar upon the screen was no exception to the rule; square patches of red were driven in to represent the flush upon his cheeks, black triangles, consisting of three stitches, did duty as his eyebrows, while his eyes were glass beads that stared in different

directions. As this screen was evidently the ornament of the house, we hazarded the observation that it must have taken a long time to work it, or something of that sort. 'Yes,' replied our hostess, 'but that is the least part of its interest; for *Julius Cæsar came here the other evening and told us he considered it a capital likeness.*'"

**ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**—A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes that when the canons of the princes began to war the canons of the Church were destroyed.

"It was," says he, "first *nitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*; first *Saint Peter*, and then *Salt-peter.*"

**WHO IS IMPUNITY?**—The *New Orleans Courier* says:

"We are assured that the following is a record of positive occurrences, and so give it to our readers: During the epidemic fever of 1853, a well-to-do planter in a certain region of Mississippi used to send down his cotton by his trusty slaves, without venturing into the 'city' (about fifty-five houses!) himself. After a short experience, however, he fancied that his factor was taking advantage of circumstances, and determined to go down and look after the next wagon load *in propria persona*. He was not a little afraid, however, of 'Yellow Jack,' and 'small blame to him,' and so he resolved on first consulting with a friend, as to the propriety of his venturing into the epidemic infected locality.

"Do you think," said he, 'I can go to — with safety? No fear of the fever?'

"O, no!" responded his friend, 'you can go and stay there as long as you please with impunity.'

"Ah, ah!" replied our friend, 'I am glad you have told me that. I have long been dissatisfied with —'s and —'s; but I did not know there was any other place where a fellow could put up at. Now you have told me, however, dog-on-it, if I don't try Impunity's. *What is it?*'"

**CURIOUS SUPERSCRIPTION.**—A letter was lately deposited in the Warren, Ohio, post-office, with the following address:

"To Windham township speed your way,  
To Portage County straight,  
J. Brainard find without delay,  
Or else J. Brainard's mate."

The late Prince Bishop of Wurzburg, in one of his hunting expeditions, met a poor boy attending some swine. The prince, among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd:

"A new suit and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply.

"No more!" said the prince. "Look at me; I am a shepherd too, but I wear better clothes and look better."

"That may be, sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more swine to keep than I have!"

**JOKING BY ACCIDENT.**—Nothing is more amusing than to hear people use language which has a double meaning, of which the speaker is unconscious, while everybody else sees the joke as "plain as a pikestaff." Sometimes the "fun of the thing" consists in one's telling, in his way, an unintentional truth, as when the man who carried round the contribution-box in a church observed to another, who inquired the amount of his own contribution: "Other folks gives what they likes; *what I gives is nothing to nobody!*" Another instance is that of a gentleman who was boasting of the rapidity with which he could write verses.

"It takes some people," said he, "half an hour to make a couplet; but I write a forty-line poem in twenty minutes, and make *nothing of it!*" There was doubtless more truth than poetry in the confession, which affords a capital comment on "fast writing."

**THE MARRIAGE FEE.**—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh," replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

A few days after, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I can tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars; and I s'pose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

**SHOE-ASIDE.**—In an Irish story in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a murdered schoolmaster is said to have been found dead in the road, with his head full of *fractions*.

"I'm thinking it's shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe, was it?"

"No, allans," said Larry, "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether he did it with razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head. It's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found."

"No; but he might have hid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a taste. The crowners sot on him, and he never said a word against it, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find anything at all?"

"Nothing but the vardick."

"And was it that that kilt him?"

"No, my dear, 'twas the crack on the head; but the vardick was, 'twas done, and somebody done it, and they were blackguards, whoever they were, and unknown."

**MAL APROPOS.**—In churches whose choirs indulge in vocal "voluntaries," unless they have a tolerable collection to select from, there is danger that the minister may find the doctrines of his sermon all blown sky high by the per-

formance at the other end of the church. Poor H. used to tell a good story. In a town in Massachusetts a man of distinction died, and being a man of distinction, his funeral was celebrated in the meeting-house. The audience was very large, and the choir being ambitious, thought it highly proper that something should be done on their part, beyond the common routine. Their collection of anthems was very limited, but with a disposition to do the best they could, they sung with great apparent unction a familiar old piece:

"Believing we rejoice  
To see the curse removed."

**THE VERB "TO GO."**—Monsieur Folaire, who is studying English grammar, says: "Ze vaibr 'to go' is ze most irregulairitest in ze Anglis language. You hear him—I go—zon depart—he clears out—we cut stick—ye or you make tracks—zey absquatulate."

**SELF-RIGHTEOUS.**—It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done, had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of "The wolf on his death-bed:"

"A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. 'It is true,' said he, 'I am a sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock came so near me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm.'

"I can testify to all that," said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. 'I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat?'"

**CHURCH-YARD LITERATURE.**—The *Boston Post* gravely assures its readers that Church-yard Literature needs reforming, and adds:

"As certain London advertising tradesmen are reputed to 'keep a poet,' so the grave-stone cutters should keep a schoolmaster—a man who knows a bad rhyme from a good one; can spell correctly and punctuate punctiliously. Most men suffer enough above ground, without being hangingly abused *post mortem*, in ill-written inscriptions, that were intended to be civil at least. Strolling in a grave-yard in Oswego County, N. Y., we came across an inscription containing merely the name and date, of which we here give a part in the style in which it is cut on the stone, a plain slab of unpretending dimensions: 'JOHN burns. We suppose the words were intended simply to record the man's name; but they look marvelously like a noun substantive coupled with a verb in the indicative mood, and affording a sad indication at that!—'John burns! There is no hint that 'John' deserved the fate to which he appears to have been consigned since his decease, and we could only say, as we read the startling declaration, 'We should be sorry to believe it!'"

**FINE LANGUAGE.**—The *London Morning Herald* pronounced recently in a leading article that by his recent letter, "Lord Malmesbury has earned for himself a temporary immortality."

The *London Quarterly* says most long livers are very short of stature. Rather paradoxical, that! We had thought that tall men live longest.

## Recent Publications.

*An Exposition of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.* BY CHARLES HODGE, D. D. (New York: Carter & Brothers. 12mo., pp. 373.) Dr. Hodge is the well-known professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He is rigidly Calvinistic, and in his "Notes" loses no opportunity to bring out and defend his peculiar doctrinal views. The practical portions of his commentary, which is very similar in style and arrangement to that of Barnes, are plain and well expressed, and we have no hesitation in commending them to Christians of every denomination.

A sermon preached before the General Conference at Indianapolis, in May last, by the representative from the British Wesleyan Conference, the REV. DR. HANNAH, and one delivered by his companion, the REV. MR. JOBSON, are published together, in a neat little volume, by *Swormstedt & Poe*. Dr. Hannah's sermon, founded on 2 Corinthians v, 21, is entitled "The Method of Man's Reconciliation with God." Mr. Jobson's is an exposition of Ephesians iii, 14, 21. They are both pervaded by earnestness and evangelical truth.

*Calkins & Styles* have issued a very neat little book entitled *The Words of Christ*, being a collection of all the recorded sayings of the Great Teacher as found in the New Testament. Many will prize it highly as a pocket companion.

*Lectures on the Philosophy and Practice of Slavery as exhibited in the Institution of Domestic Slavery in the United States, with the Duties of Masters to Slaves.* BY WILLIAM A. SMITH, D. D. Edited by THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D. (Nashville, Tennessee: Stevenson & Evans.) A member of the British Parliament once said that he had rather his horse would go backward than not go at all. Such appears to be Dr. Smith's sentiment. If he cannot go ahead he is determined not to stand still. The "masterly inactivity" recommended by Calhoun is not in accordance with the views of duty which actuate the President of Randolph Macon College. He is for war, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. He first kills off Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. "The philosophy of Jefferson," he says, "is false." His sentiment about the natural equality of the human race is "a grossly offensive error." Then Messrs. Doddridge, Rives, Clay, Webster fall beneath our author's glittering blade. They are severally accused of having "substantially used this (i. e., Jefferson's) language," and are so far as bad as Garrison himself, seeing they give currency to falsehood and "grossly offensive error." Philosophy and statesmanship having been quieted, the gallant doctor dashes into divinity and theology. Dr. Wayland is mangled terribly. So is Dr. Channing. Dr. Coke and the founders of the Methodist Episcopal Church are summoned from their quiet resting-place, and the chivalrous Smith pitches into them. What did they do

that they should be thus dealt with? Truly, according to our author, their crime was bad enough to warrant this post-mortem assassination. By them "the fountains of public thought and feeling have to a great extent been poisoned!" Poisoners! think of that. As a consequence of that poison infused into the public fountains, we are told that

"The great family of Methodists in the District of Columbia, the slave States of Delaware and Maryland, in Western Virginia, and a part of Missouri, retain their connection with the Abolition division of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

But this is not the worst of it. He assures us that

"There are those among ourselves, who, though not sufficient metaphysicians to detect the error, are sufficiently candid to admit if the dogma of Jefferson be true, domestic slavery can never be justified in practice by any circumstances whatever."

And he adds:

"They are in a most painful state of feeling, pressed by what is assumed to be correct principle . . . in a most embarrassing situation, from which they sigh to be released. . . . Many have quietly retired from the state of their nativity . . . and this may account for more of these removals, usually attributed to worn-out lands, than many of our politicians wot of. . . . Others remain . . . Citizens of this class (and it is not a small class) are always liable to become the victims of any fanatical movement on the subject of slavery that may be set on foot in the land."

And again:

"A secret suspicion of the morality of African slavery at the South occupies the minds of many of our best citizens."

Having depicted this doleful phase of Southern society, and dispatched these "erroneous teachers," Dr. Smith lays down the fundamental proposition that "*Slavery, per se, is Right*," and thus seeks to "distill the poison" from philosophy and the pulpit, that he may quiet the troubled consciences of his fellow-citizens. He is bold in his assertions, even to recklessness, and at times almost persuades the reader that the writer does not himself see the shallow transparency of his arguments. He utterly repudiates all assistance from those at the North who claim to be anti-slavery men as distinguished from abolitionists. Of the two classes, he prefers the latter. Except himself and the very few who agree with him in sentiment, he divides the civilized world into two classes:

"1. The abolitionists, who believe that the abstract principle is wrong, and that, therefore, the practice is wrong under all circumstances. 2. The anti-slavery school, who agree with the former in the abstract principle, but who differ with them in the conclusion they draw."

He differs from both. But he says:

"I agree with the abolitionists. If [which he doubly emphasizes] the abstract principle be wrong, the institution is wrong in all cases. I say with them that all who grant the antecedent of this conditional are bound to admit the consequent."

Of course, with these sentiments he is bound to oppose everything that savors of emancipation, present or prospective. He would not

fight against Providence. Slavery is right, and right is eternal. The only difficulty in the way is to make the people of the South believe the monstrous dogma. Truly a most Herculean task, but the President of Randolph Macon thinks it can be done. The pulpit must come to his aid. The principles of the Bible must be interpreted in accordance with his sentiments. The moral philosophy of the world must be shut out from the Southern States. Northern papers and Northern periodicals must be tabooed. Southern men with Southern (that is, Dr. Smith's) sentiments must go to work and write books of instruction for colleges, academies, and common schools. And when all this is done, and done effectually, what then? Nothing, only the Southern conscience will be at ease, and Northern fanatics may rail at their pleasure. In all fairness, however, we ought to give a specimen of the doctor's logic. First, then, here is his argument against emancipation:

"They (the blacks) are not, in point of intellectual and moral development, in the condition for freedom; that is, they are not fitted for that measure of self-government which is necessary to political sovereignty. It cannot, therefore, be justly claimed for them. They have no right to it. It would not be to them an essential good, but an essential evil, a curse. To confer it on them, either by an act of direct or gradual emancipation, would be eminently productive of injury to the whole country, and utterly ruinous to them."

Admitting all this to be true, we suppose the natural dictates of humanity would urge Christians, at least, to educate this down-trodden race, and to do something for their mental development. But hear the doctor on that point:

"I cannot imagine that any public movement, having for its object the instruction of the blacks in reading and writing, could be made without involving the most disastrous results. . . . Withal, there is but little if any room to doubt that a great many, both among the rich as well as the poor, would oppose the measure, for what appeared to them reasons of sound policy. This would leave the scheme to be supported entirely by the few rich men, whose benevolence might lead them to overlook the strong popular objections against it. It requires no particular sagacity to foresee the practical mischiefs which would attend the efforts of a few rich men who might attempt to override the popular feeling on a subject of this kind. Public opinion would put it down! This would be the end of it in one direction, but not in another."

"The whole movement would be attended, from first to last, with an irritation of the public mind in the highest degree unfavorable, and, indeed, dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth. All irritations of the public mind in regard to the blacks, it is well known, result injuriously to them, generally abridging them of their civil privileges and social comforts. In this instance, viewing the subject as a practical question, I cannot see that it would be attended with a single redeeming virtue, so far as the blacks are concerned."

So, then, the blacks are kept in slavery because they are ignorant; and they must be kept in ignorance because they are slaves. We are mortified that such a shallow piece of reasoning should have emanated from a minister of the Lord Jesus; but perhaps it was the best he could do under the circumstances, and there is consolation in the thought that his book is too contemptibly weak and too glaringly sophistical to make proselytes among sober-minded men even at the South.

The second in the series of "hand-books for home improvement," published by Fowler & Wells, is entitled *How to Talk: a Pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation, and Debating*. It is similar in style, size, and general appearance to number one, which we noticed last month, and for its condensation of practical rules and well-considered observations is equally worthy of attention by those who would converse grammatically and gracefully. The author is prepared, he tells us, "for an application of the injunction—Physician, heal thyself." He will not be surprised, therefore, if, quoting his canon, "We have no right to use a plural pronoun in construction with a singular antecedent," we refer him to his own language on page twenty-three: "Compare their pronunciation, in all doubtful cases, with that given by Webster or Worcester in their dictionaries." Again, we are told that in conversation "Our own hobbies and favorite topics should be carefully introduced." This conveys the idea that our hobbies must be ridden in all companies, with care, but that is not what the author meant. The advice about swearing is good for those who need it, but in giving it the author violates his own rule relative to the use of superfluous words. He says: "Never swear, in company or any where." The last five words add nothing to the strength of the precept.

MISS LESLIE'S *New Cookery Book* is a stout, well-printed duodecimo, of six hundred and sixty pages. It comprises tried and approved methods of preparing an almost endless variety of soups, sauces, pies, puddings, and directions for cooking, carving, and serving up fish, poultry, beef, mutton, veal, venison, and, in short, everything that may be comprised under the general head of cookery. It is the most complete and, so far as we are capable of judging, the best book of its kind, and well worth the attention of all housekeepers. It is published by T. B. Peterson.

*The Way Home* is the title of a sweet little book, reprinted by the Messrs. Carter, from the English edition. It appears to be a truthful narrative of family affliction and bereavements, tempered by the graces of resignation and devout submission to the will of God.

*Recollections of a Superannuate; or, Sketches of Life, Labor, and Experience in the Methodist Itinerancy.* By REV. DAVID LEWIS. The author was for many years a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the New York Conference. He afterward removed to the State of Ohio, where he continued to preach, until disabled by age and bodily infirmity. These autobiographical memoranda, interspersed with brief sketches of living and dead ministers, will be read with interest by the author's personal friends, at whose solicitation, he tells us, they are published. (Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.)

*The Days of My Life* is professedly an autobiography, in which the heroine gives an account of herself, her love, her pride, and, more and greater than all the rest, her folly. She was, truly, a very foolish and inconsistent specimen

of womanhood, and did not suffer half so much as she deserved. The story, however, is well told, and keeps up the interest of the reader to the end. It is by the author of "Margaret Maitland," and reprinted by the *Harpers*. An extract or two will show the lady's descriptive power. The birth of her first-born is chronicled with pure maternal tenderness:

"A little low cry—what was it? I never heard it before, yet it went to my heart almost with a pang of delight. Alice, bring it—bring it. I cannot wait for all those snowy robes, and all the joyful, tearful importance of my dear, dear, kind nurse, my almost mother. Here in its little flannel wrapper—a little moving bundle, thrusting about its little limbs, turning round its little downy head with the first instincts of life to that kind bosom, crying its little wailing cry—O, kindest Heaven!—O, God most wonderful!—it is mine, mine, my own child!"

"I felt neither pain nor weakness. I consented to lie still, because they said I must, and because I was happy beyond expression, and neither rebellion nor disobedience was in me. I lay quite still, pulling back the curtains to look at Alice as she put on those dainty little garments, one by one—to look at the moving thing upon her knee, the little hand thrust up into the air, the vigorous kicks and thrusts with which it struggled. *It!* a spark of sudden anger woke in me when some one said *it*—that was correct enough half an hour ago—but this was he, an individual being, my baby, my own, mine! I cannot tell to any one the rapture in which I lay watching Alice as she put upon him his first robes. I was in a woman's paradise—a moment which can come but once in a lifetime. What mother does not remember, after all her dread, her awe, her suffering, the heaven's rest in which she lay looking at her first-born? I think there is no such ecstasy either before or after—it is all over—all over—the ordeal which frame and spirit have been trembling at, is past like a dream, and who remembers it?—and in that strange, delicious luxury of ease and weakness, there seems no longer anything to desire. I do not know—perhaps it is not an elevated idea at all—but my best realization of unspeakable happiness was in that hour after my little boy was born."

To many a mother's heart a ready entrance will be made, and possibly some half-healed wounds will be opened and made to bleed afresh by the recital of an every day occurrence:

"My baby was very ill. He had been seized a week before, but we had not apprehended anything. Now we were closely shut up in my bed-room, trying to shield every breath of air from him; keeping up the fire, though it was only September, while I sat by the fireside holding him on my knee, watching the changes of his face, his breathing, his movements, with frightful anxiety, and reproaching myself, O, so bitterly, for that one last walk, which had brought this illness upon him. He had taken a violent cold, and I could not but see, by the anxiety of the doctor, by the gravity of Alice, and the pitying tender look which she cast upon me, how they thought it would end. When I awoke from my security to think of this, I dare not describe the misery that came upon me. O, I had talked of misery and hopelessness before, but what were all the griefs in the world to this one! To look at him, and think he might be taken from me—to look upon those sweet features, which might be by and by removed from my eyes forever: O, Heaven, that agony! that was the bitterness of death."

"I had come to love life for my baby's sake, and even now I know I made a great, painful effort to say I would be resigned and content with God's will, whatever it—but I felt in my heart that life would be only a loathing and disgust to me; O, Heaven, have pity upon me! What would I have in all the world if my baby were taken away!"

"Every fleeting change that there was—every momentary alteration, I wanted to have the doctor, or to call Alice, to ask what they thought now. Then I remembered vaguely the name, the Great Physician—and that, however far others might be, he was near at all times; O, if I could only have got to his feet, as they did in Palestine in those blessed days when he was there, if I could but have thrown myself on the earth before him, and cried, 'My child! my child!' I said, as in my prayer, from my very despair, I caught

boldness. I cried with my heart, till it was bursting with that agony of asking—praying for your child's life, do you know what it is?"

"There was no difference, no difference! and the pallid light was growing on the sky, and the first sounds of life began to break upon the stillness; then I was stayed in my prayers as by an invisible hand. I cannot tell how or why these words came to my mind, but they came with a terrible force, making me silent, shutting my mouth in an instant: 'If I regard sin in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' I was appalled by the sudden sentence; was there no hope, then? No hope? Did I not even dare to appeal to him who never before cast any applicant away?"

"I was struck dumb; I sat still in a breathless, hopeless pause of dismay, my heart suddenly yielding to this dreary calamity. In a moment there came upon me a fearful vision of what might be my life bereaved, my hope lost. Heaven and the ear of God shut upon me; I knew what was right, and I had not done it. I was self-convicted of wrong, but I did not change my course. I was crying wildly to God for the blessing which he alone could grant, but I was still regarding sin in my heart."

But God was merciful, and the babe's life was spared. Ye who have clung to the Great Physician, and have felt that health was restored to the loved one in answer to prayer, are yours the lips that have murmured, "God be pitiful," and forgotten to say, "God be praised?"

"And now I could not pray any longer; my mind had sunk into a feverish stupidity; I was alive to nothing but the looks of my child; yes, and to one thing besides. I had a strange, helpless feeling of clinging to 'the Great Physician'; the name was in my mind, if nothing more; it was not prayer, it was not faith; I could not say it was anything natural or spiritual at all; I rather felt as if something held me, as if I were clinging to a cord or to the skirts of a robe; as if I was only thus prevented from plunging into some dreadful abyss of despair and ruin, and my dumb, strange, almost stupid dependence was upon Him solely—only upon Him."

"I was waiting, waiting; I did not dare to say to myself that baby lay more quietly; I dared not look up at Alice, or ask her what she thought; but when the doctor came again it was nearly evening, and as I watched his face my heart grew sick. O, yes, it was hope—hope! I scarcely could bear it; and when the old man said real words—real true words, not fancies, that he was a great deal better, I think I had very nearly fainted."

"But it was quite true; he improved gradually all that afternoon; he began to look like himself again; rapidly as he had grown ill, he grew better; I suppose it always is so with young children; and when I sat by the fire in the evening with him, he put up his dear little hand again to catch at my mother's miniature, as he had done before his illness. 'O, my darling, give God thanks,' said Alice, as she sat on a stool by me, not able to control her tears. I had, indeed, an unspeakable thankfulness in my heart, but I could not give expression to it—words would not come. 'Lips say, God be pitiful, that ne'er said, God be praised!' Is that true, I wonder? I was very, very grateful, but I could not find words as I did in the agony of my prayers."

*The Object of Life* is a narrative, designed to illustrate the insufficiency of the world and the sufficiency of Christ. The story is well told, the incidents natural, and the tone of the entire volume eminently evangelical. It is a duodecimo of three hundred and fifty pages, beautifully printed and illustrated. (Carlton & Porter.)

Carter & Brothers have reprinted, in one little volume, two works by the author of "Morning and Night Watches," entitled "The Faithful Promiser," and "Altar Stones." The former is a collection of brief meditations upon thirty precious Scriptural promises, one for each day of the month; and the latter, why called "Altar Stones," we do not exactly know, is



made up of original poetic paraphrases of passages of Scripture. Of the two we prefer the prose, but both are well calculated to assist religious meditation.

*Hymns of Faith and Hope.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. That was a shrewd direction given by John Wesley to his preachers: Sing no hymns of your own composing. The reasons for the advice are obvious. The composition of a good hymn is one of the most difficult tasks man ever tried to accomplish. Among the myriads of verses that have been printed for the avowed purpose of being used for the praising of God in the sanctuary, how exceedingly few there are that may be pronounced faultless. Dr. Bonar has some poetic skill, and now and then we stumble upon a beautiful stanza, but in the entire collection there is not, properly speaking, a hymn. A vein of piety and of deep Christian experience, however, pervades these offsprings of his muse, and they may be read with profit.

From the press of *Harper & Brothers* we have the sixth volume of *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland*. It is a continuation of the sad history of Mary Stuart, and will be eagerly sought by those who have followed the fair biographer through the preceding volumes.

*Vivia; or, the Secret of Power*, is a well-told tale by Mrs. Southworth, from the press of *Peterson, Philadelphia*.

The same publisher sends us *Love after Marriage, and other Stories of the Heart*, by the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. We have, on a former occasion, noticed the tales of this lady, and these appear to be worthy of equal commendation.

Under the guise of narratives told to a group of boys and girls by a young sailor, Mr. NORRHOFF has made a very readable, entertaining, and instructive little book, entitled *Stories of the Island World*. The islands, with descriptions of their inhabitants, natural history, and other matters, are Madagascar, Java, Iceland,

Ceylon, and New Zealand. The subjects are well selected, and embellished with spirited wood engravings. (*Harpers.*)

*The Young Pilgrim; a Tale Illustrative of "the Pilgrim's Progress."* By A. L. O. E. The design of the writer of this little volume was to prepare the minds of juvenile readers for an appreciation of Bunyan's great allegory. There were, of course, many difficulties in the way, and some portions of the original pilgrim's wonderful journey could not be woven into a tale of modern every-day life. The author, however, has attained a good degree of success. The story is well-conceived; a little improbable in some parts, but well told, and eminently calculated to make a permanent impression for good upon the mind of the youthful reader. (*Carter & Brothers.*)

*The Child's Book of Nature.* By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., is divided into three parts, each of which may be had in a separate volume. The first relates to plants and flowers; the second to animals; and the third to air, water, heat, light, etc. Dr. Hooker was exceedingly happy in the design of this volume, and he has carried out that design with great ability. The style is well adapted to the comprehension of children, and the facts and illustrations, the arguments and the reasonings, are admirably stated, concise, and pointed. We know of no book that is at once so captivating and so full of instruction upon those natural objects which, everywhere proclaiming the handiwork of the Great Supreme, are always objects of curiosity to the youthful mind.

*Reading without Tears* is an attempt to beguile the little ones into the acquisition of knowledge without wringing sorrow from them in the process. If it can be done it is certainly very desirable, and this little book, it appears to us, is as likely to accomplish it as any one of the multitudes of primers, first lessons, and easy readers that have recently appeared. (Reprinted from the English edition by *Harper & Brothers.*)

## The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

*The Farm.*—June is a busy month with the farmer. Haying and harvesting will occupy his attention; he should avail himself of all the improved agricultural implements at his command, such as mowers, reapers, horse-rakes, etc.: they are truly labor-saving machines, and in no long time pay their first cost. The true way to make farming profitable is to take advantage of all improvements which lessen the labor and cost of the crop.

*Liquid Manure.*—This is unquestionably the most valuable form in which manure can be applied; yet considerable caution is necessary in its application. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that he lost a fine planta-

tion of young apple-trees, by the draining of liquid manure from a neighboring barn-yard. When used, it should always be diluted. Instead of being allowed to run waste, as is too commonly the case, tanks or cisterns should be made for the reception of all the liquid manure of the farm. It will pay well to make them.

*Sunflowers and the "Shakes."*—We have taken rather a fancy for sunflowers of late, and the plant, for a while at least, will probably occupy no small share of the farmer's attention, especially those who live in districts infected with that dreadful disease, fever and ague. Professor Maury, of Washington, has recently published, in the *Rural New Yorker*, a theory in

which we cannot help feeling some little interest, and which, should it prove to be true, will deprive the "shaking fever" of many of its terrors. Coming from so high a source, it is entitled to consideration and respect, and we therefore present the readers of *THE NATIONAL* with a brief abstract.

Professor Maury states the popular belief, that the decay of vegetable matter infects the air with impurities of some kind, which predispose to chills and fever, and then proceeds:

"If it be the decay of the vegetable matter on the marshes that produces the sickness, then the sickness must be owing to the deleterious effects of some gas, miasm, or effluvia that is set free during the decomposition; and if so, the poisonous matter, or the basis of it, whatever it be, must have been elaborated during the growth of the weeds, and set free in their decay. Now, if this reasoning be good, why might we not, by planting other vegetable matter between us and the marshes, and by bringing it into vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begins to decay, bring fresh forces of the vegetable kingdom again to play upon this poisonous matter, and elaborate it again into vegetable tissue, and so purify the air?"

This is the theory, and there are points about it of peculiar interest to the physiologist. Its chief feature, it will be perceived, is not simply to "plant other vegetable matter between us and the marshes," but such plants as can be brought into "vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begins to decay." It is known that plants, while in active growth, absorb certain gases from the atmosphere through the pores of the leaves, and advantage may be taken of this fact to absorb the gases emitted by decaying vegetable matter, for which plants, it is natural to suppose, have an affinity. After canvassing the merits of several plants, the professor at last decided in favor of the sunflower as best meeting the conditions of the problem, though there are others that will doubtless answer as well, and probably better; the decision in favor of this plant, however, was influenced not a little by the fact, that the negroes of the South frequently grow it around their cabins and pig-sties, and give as a reason, that it is "healthy." Accordingly, the professor planted the sunflower all around the grounds of the Observatory, a noted "shaking" district, and with very favorable results. The sickly season came, and "there was shaking at the president's house, as usual; but for the first time since the Observatory was built, the watchmen about it weathered the summer clear of chills and fever."

The professor is now engaged in repeating the experiment, and calls upon such as live in ague districts to cooperate with him by planting sunflower hedges around their grounds, and to report the results for publication. This is the proper way to test the theory, and we hope it will be thoroughly tried, more especially as the plant is valuable, and can be profitably grown. There is some poetry in the idea of a sunflower hedge; there is a fearful reality in chills and fever.

*A Cranberry Border.*—A correspondent of a rural journal suggests that, "instead of box, cranberries be used as a border in gardens. Such a border could be perfected in a few years, and each rod in length would yield annually one peck of cranberries, worth at least a dollar."

We are rather pleased with the suggestion, provided it be confined to the vegetable or fruit garden. It would be quite out of place in the flower garden, and for beauty will not compare with box. Nevertheless, in a suitable soil it would make a valuable border.

*Vegetable Garden.*—Much important work is to be done this month. A plan should be adopted from the first, and systematically carried out; this plan should embrace the kinds and quantities of esculents to be grown, and the necessary space should be allotted to them accordingly. Our limits allow us to make only a few suggestions. During the present month you may continue to plant corn, beans, radishes, etc., and tomato plants should be put out, if not already done. These require a space of some four feet in diameter, and the ground should be well enriched with manure. The plants are benefited by pruning. It is usual to let them grow on the ground; but they will ripen better if supported by a frame, which can be readily made of slats or laths. Corn should be planted in drills, and grown on a level surface; that is, in hoeing, the earth should not be drawn up to the plants. This advice, we know, is against the common practice; but we know of no good reason for the latter, except on wet ground, and the proper remedy for this is drainage, and not hilling. We have tried both, and speak advisedly. Weeding will now make considerable demands upon your labor and patience. Take the subject in hand early, and do the work thoroughly. If doing things "by halves" is ever unprofitable, (and we suspect it is always so,) it is especially so in weeding. Here you must be a stern man, showing no mercy. As beets, carrots, etc., progress they must be thinned out to proper distances apart, and the sooner done the better.

*The Royal Muscadine Grape.*—The Shakers at Lebanon are greatly "exercised" at the recent action of the Pomological Society, in condemning their so-called seedling Muscadine Grape. It was a very proper action. The Horticultural Societies of Rochester, Pennsylvania, and New York had previously pronounced a like sentence upon it. We have seen it two or three times, and regard it as simply a reproduction of the Fox Grape. We caution the readers of *THE NATIONAL* not to buy it at any price, any more than they would the Charter Oak: it is as good as that; worse it could not be.

*King Philip, or Broken Corn.*—This new variety of corn is now attracting a good deal of attention. It is claimed to be the most productive and profitable corn now grown, and experiments made last season go far to confirm it. It may be planted as late as the last of May or first of June; and as it thus matures in a short season, it will doubtless prove valuable in high northern latitudes. The product is said to be one hundred bushels per acre. We hope it may receive during the present season such extended trial as may determine its claims to the farmer's consideration.

*Kulsoanthes (Crassula) Coccinea.*—This is a truly beautiful plant, and not appreciated as it should be; in fact, it is not generally seen in

collections. The Napoleon, a new variety, is probably the best. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends the *Kalosanthos* as a bedding plant. He says:

"Its immense and singularly compact heads of bloom, and the intense scarlet color, render it one of the most attractive objects for the flower garden that has as yet been introduced for the purpose of bedding out. Blooming abundantly in nine months from the cutting, the ease with which it is kept through winter, and the rapidity with which it can be increased, will always render it valuable as a bedding plant, and amateurs, when they are sufficiently acquainted with it, will be sure to grow it liberally, as it fully rewards the cultivator with a brilliant display at a very moderate amount of labor and expense.

"The following mode of proceeding will be found to answer well with this plant, when you have once obtained a stock of it:

"*Cuttings*.—The end of August to the middle of September is the proper time to put in cuttings. Select the tops of strong, healthy growing shoots; form them into cuttings three inches in length, divesting them of their leaves for about an inch; cut close to a joint. From the succulent nature of the plant, the cuttings ought to be allowed to remain exposed in some shady place for twenty-four hours after they are made, as, if put in at once, they would rot, but leaving them exposed as above mentioned they will be healed over from the effects of the knife. Place the cuttings in a shallow box that is not over four inches in depth, allowing two inches between the cuttings; let some moss or rough tan bark that is partially decayed, be placed at the bottom of the box for drainage; then fill up with sand that has had one fourth decayed leaf mold incorporated with it. Insert the cuttings to the depth of an inch, water sufficiently to settle the soil firmly around each cutting, then place the box upon a shelf in the green-house, or a cool frame; keeping them moist, but not wet; and they will very readily root, and continue to do so throughout the winter.

"The middle of March pot them off in four inch pots, using good loam with the addition of a fourth of sand. This soil will suit them.

"The best position that you now can give them, is a frame, which must be protected by having either earth or manure banked up around the sides of it, to exclude frost, and coverings of mats, shutters, etc., will have to be provided until the end of April. Keep the plants close to the glass, and gradually inure them to the air by tilting the sashes. Under such treatment they will grow short and strong, and will set their flower buds of large size. The beginning of June all frosts may be expected to have ended; then plant them out, and some of the heads of bloom will have expanded and others will be expanding.

"In planting, choose a circular bed, place the tallest in the center, and let them gradually fall to the edge of the bed. This will produce a more pleasing effect to the eye, than if planted indiscriminately."

*Evergreens*.—The month of June is a good time to plant Evergreens. The want of success in transplanting is mainly owing to the length of time the trees are kept out of the ground, the drying off of the delicate fibrous roots, and carelessness in lifting from the nurseries. The holes should always be prepared before the plants are even ordered, and then planted the moment received. If a good vigorous growth is expected, a suitable soil must be prepared; this should be a good sandy loam. It is generally supposed that evergreens will grow in any barren spot, but this is not so; disappointment is sure to follow such a procedure. Let the holes be of ample dimensions, at least four feet in diameter; and remember, while planting, that you expect the tree to grow on that spot for generations, and so do the work thoroughly. Evergreens are indispensable on every lawn, no matter how small it may be. They are always interesting and beautiful, and in the winter months cheer the dreary scene with their glad-some green robes.

*The Dahlia*.—This noble flower may be planted even as late as the second week in June; from about the middle of May to the first of June, however, is a more suitable time. We consider it a mistake to plant the Dahlia early. Its proper season of flowering is in the autumn; the cool and dewy nights are then congenial to its habits. If planted too soon it makes a large growth by midsummer, when the red spider attacks it, and its energies are wasted before the autumn arrives; and it is seldom that a good bloom is seen during the warm summer months. Late planting, on the contrary, will prevent any considerable growth during midsummer, and the energies of the plant will be retained till early autumn, when the plant will grow vigorously, and produce an abundant bloom. If large and perfect flowers are wanted the buds must be thinned out by removing the weakest.

The Dahlia is propagated by cuttings and division of the roots; the first method is mostly pursued by florists, who want a large number of plants for sale. The division of the root is quite a simple operation. These having been kept in a warm cellar during the winter, should be removed to a cool place as spring advances, to retard their sprouting. When this has taken place, however, and the weather is warm, remove the plants to the open ground, and cover them with a little earth. As soon as the shoots have grown a few inches, divide them so as to leave one shoot to each tuber; and if the latter is large, cut it in two. They may then be planted at once in their places, or, if it is wished to retard them, in pots, from which they may be turned into the ground at any time. The poles or stakes should be put in before the plants. Only one shoot or stem should be allowed to grow from the same tuber. The plant must be tied up from time to time as it grows, and if the branches grow too thick they must be thinned out. The soil may be enriched with some well-decayed manure, and must be occasionally stirred, and kept free from weeds. The following list comprises a dozen choice kinds: Beauty of Bath, Gem, Madame Zahler, Roi de Pontille, Hippolyte, Gloire de Kain, Le Phare, Sir C. Napier, Amazone, Port Royale, Summit of Perfection, Elizabeth.

*Cuphea Platycentra*.—This charming little plant should be introduced into all gardens, even the smallest. Its dark green foliage and bright scarlet, tubular flowers form a beautiful contrast. It is an ever-blooming plant in a strict sense of the word, and may be grown in beds or singly in the border. It delights in a rich, open soil, and needs no pruning, but may be cut freely for flowers. It should be lifted in the fall, and potted in a rich loam; if kept in a light room or in the green-house, it will bloom all winter. It can be obtained in pots at any time, and we advise all our readers to buy it.

*Verbena Imperatrice Elizabeth*.—A few days since we saw this fine new verbenas at Mr. Thorburn's, who introduced it. It is a distinct species, marked like *Phlox Van Houtii*, and is a most lovely bedding plant.

